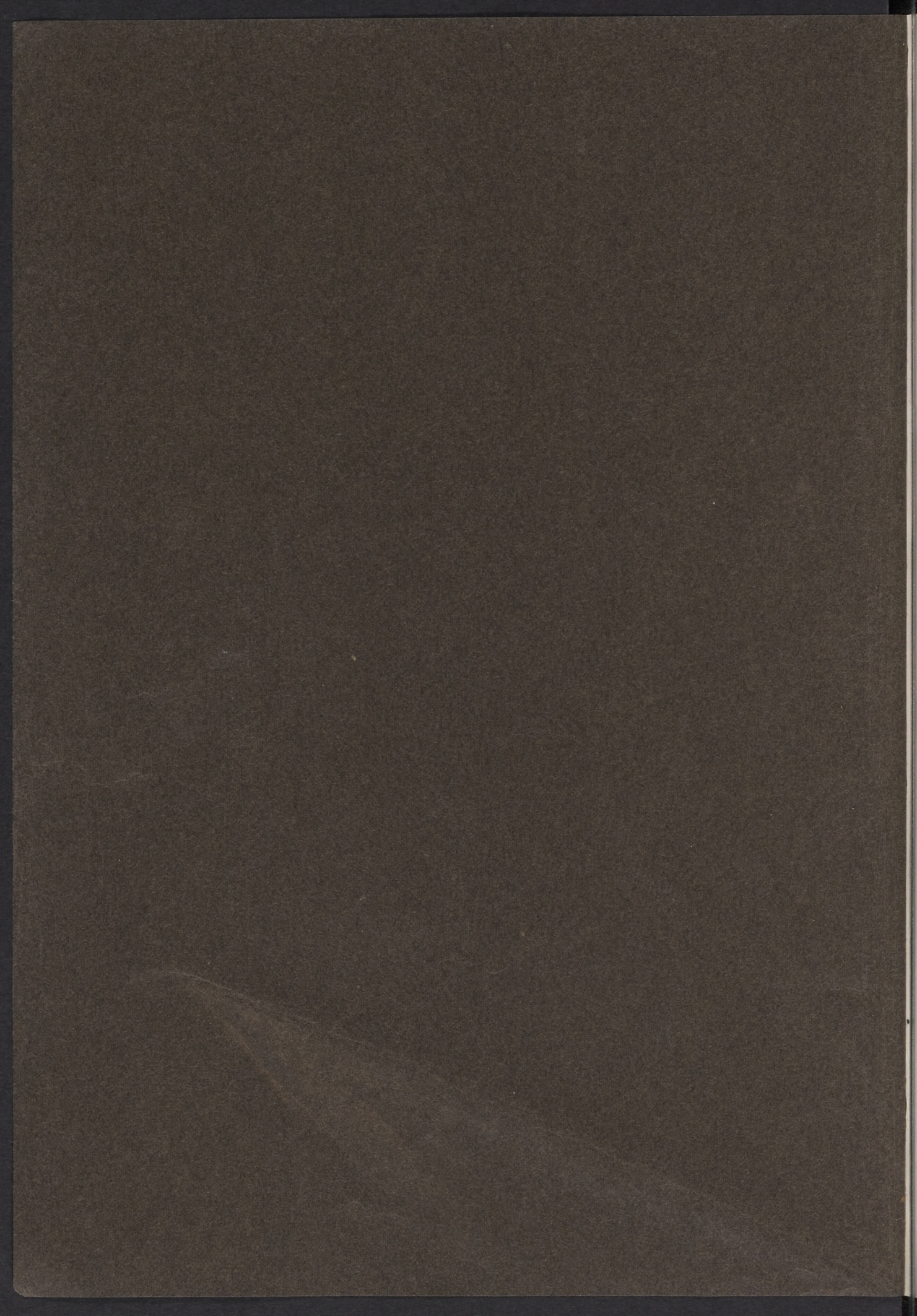
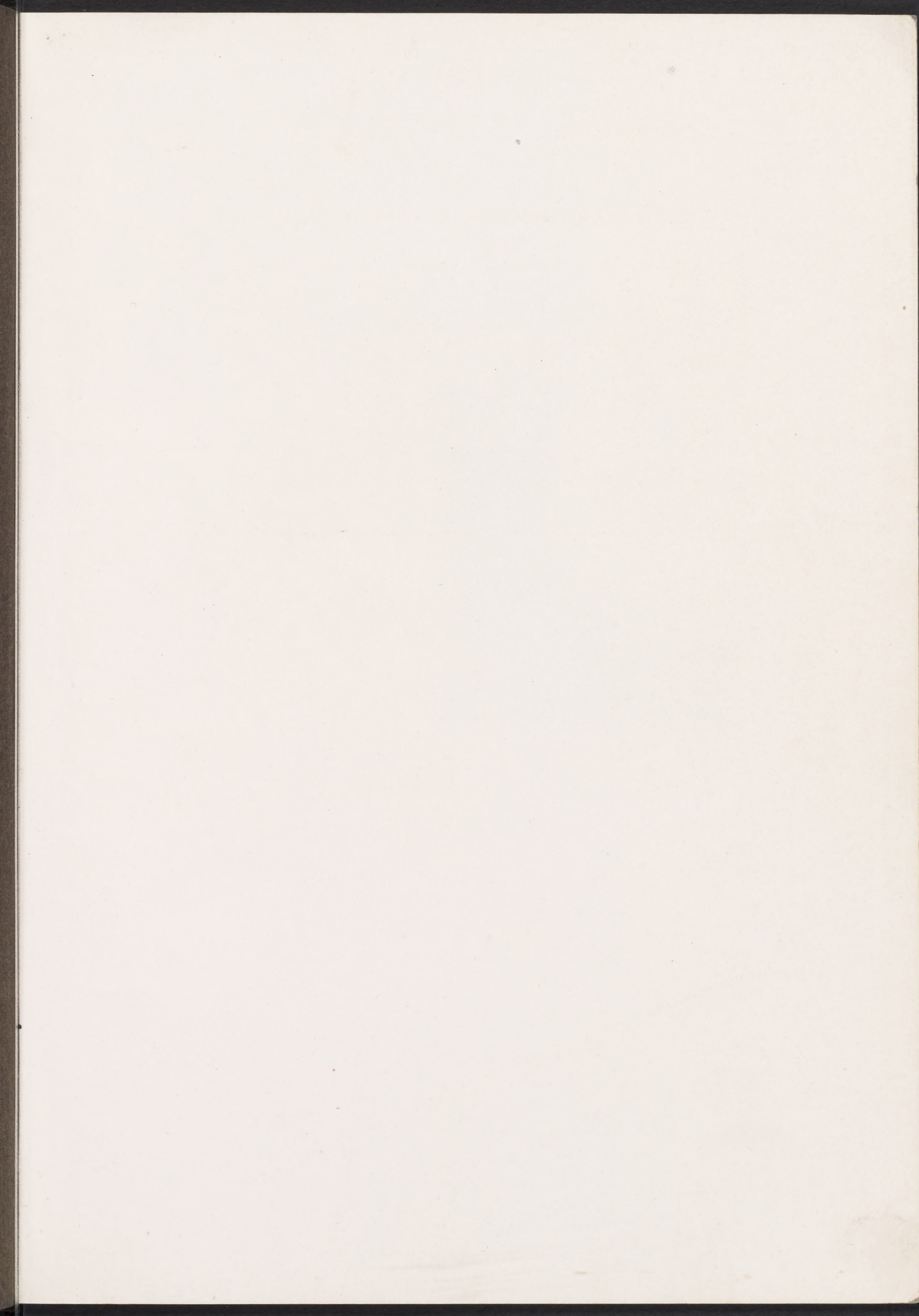
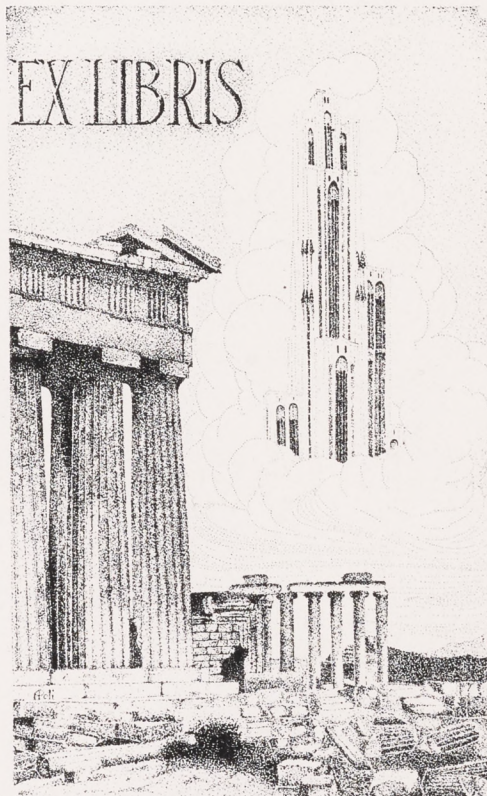


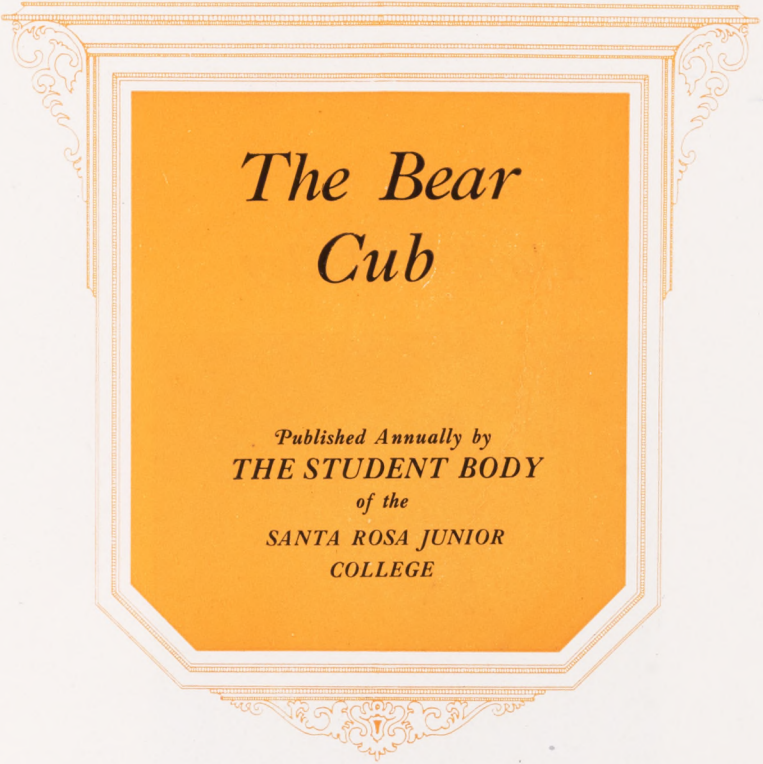
Swenska

Ferne Olsen









The Bear Cub

Published Annually by
THE STUDENT BODY
of the
**SANTA ROSA JUNIOR
COLLEGE**

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

1926

Floyd P. Bailey



Dean

Floyd P. Bailey

Santa Rosa Junior College

Dedication



WE, THE STUDENTS OF SANTA ROSA JUNIOR COLLEGE,
DEDICATE THIS, THE 1926 EDITION OF THE
BEAR CUB, TO OUR FRIEND
AND ADVISER

MISS GENEVIEVE G. MOTT



FOREWORD

OUR PURPOSE OF THIS ISSUE
OF THE BEAR CUB IS TO
RECORD ALL THE EVENTS OF
THE FISCAL YEAR IN A FORM
THAT WILL GIVE PLEASURE TO
OUR MEMORIES OF S. R. J. C.
IN FUTURE YEARS



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Edna H. Bock
Leticia B. Yost





DOROTHY BAIRD
Santa Rosa

4

KENNETH BROWN
Santa Rosa

Ken Brown

PHILIP BROWNSCOMBE
Santa Rosa

Philip J. Brownscombe

ISABELLE BUNYAN
Santa Rosa

Isabelle Bunyan

MATTHEW BUNYAN
Santa Rosa

ALICE MARIE BYINGTON
Healdsburg

DORIS COMSTOCK
Santa Rosa

DONALD CORDRAY
Santa Rosa

MARJORIE CORRICK
Santa Rosa

CHARLES DEMEO
Santa Rosa

NICK DEMEO
Santa Rosa

RICHARD EDGE
Healdsburg





PEARL FOSTER
Petaluma

Dolly Pearl

MARTHA HANEGRESS
Sebastopol

Martha Hanegress

INEZ HAMILTON
Santa Rosa

Inez

HATTIE HOPKINS
Tomaes

Hattie R. Hopkins

MARGARET ILES
Santa Rosa

Margaret Iles

LAURA KETT
Cotati

Laura Kett

META KLEINWORTH
Santa Rosa

ANTONIE KOENIG
Healdsburg

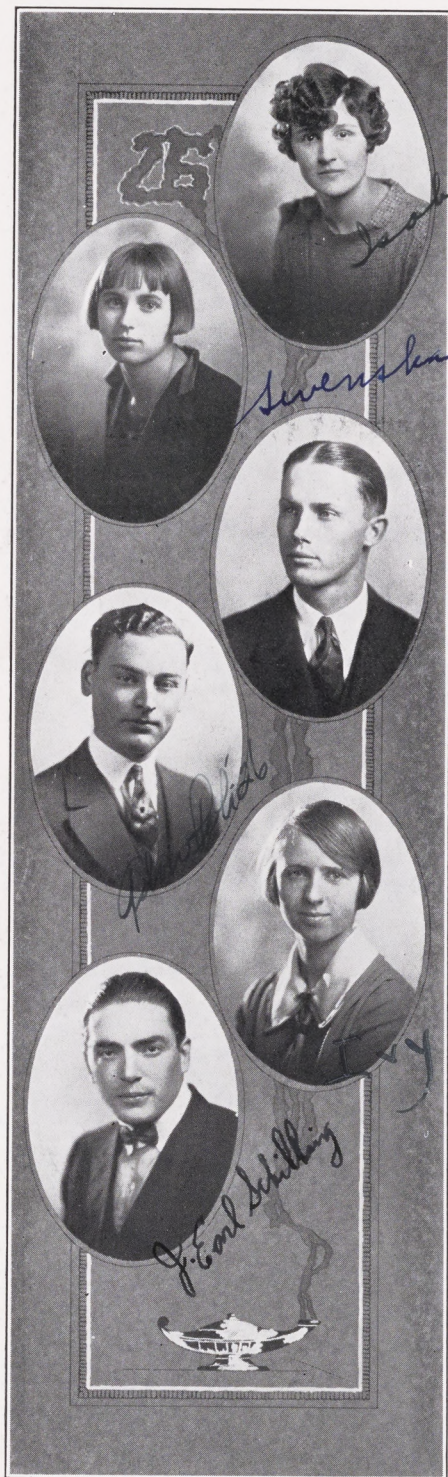
CHARLOTTE LELAND
Sebastopol

BYRON McCORMICK
Santa Rosa

GLADYS MILLER
Sebastopol

ROY MIRANDA
Santa Rosa





ISABELLE MURRAY
Cloverdale

FERN OLSEN
Santa Rosa

KENNETH PARKER
Santa Rosa

ADON POLI
Santa Rosa

IVY ROBBINS
Windsor

EARL SCHILLING
Santa Rosa

Isabelle Murray '28

Svensen

Ken. Parker NNT

Ivy

J. Earl Schilling

ALICE SMITH
Santa Rosa

GERTRUDE SMITH
Santa Rosa

ALICE POE SPITTLER
Healdsburg

MABEL WIGGINS
Santa Rosa

ELEANOR WILLIAMSON
Sebastopol

CLIFTON YOUNG
Healdsburg



*Hubert
Hubert McCormick*

HUBERT McCORMICK
Sebastopol

MAX ESTILL
Santa Rosa

To the friends who have made my life richer and who have made the memories of my college days precious—

I pledge myself this day always to be your loyal comrade.

To the teachers who have instilled in me a liking for what is true and noble and have guided me, physically and intellectually, to live up to the best that is in men—

I pledge myself this day to keep alive the life you have kindled in me.

To uphold the honor of my Alma Mater in whatever she may do, to be true to her symbols,—may they ever be pure,—and to add the zeal of my youth to her spirit,

I pledge myself this day.

—Dorothy Widdoes, '27.



Freshmen. Class

Alice Hawkins

Louise Mason

J. Morris '29

Bernice Johnson

Wilma Ott

R. McMullen

R. Hester

Roger Peullin-Mpretti

Vincent Gracin

"Bob" Stedman

Ester Mack

"Alma M. Abel

"Peg" C. 11770

Vivian Wesson

Alma Shelley

Gustav Lund

Bird Libera. '27

Alice Jorgensen

Nick Almes. Irene

Eleonor Lohmann '27

Freda Lohmann.

J. M. Wells (some time)

Martha Butler

Lawrence Levensaler

Mavis Johnson

Lydia Hansen

Bernice Peterson.

Marjorie Ewart

Bernice Sophey.

Priscilla Wrightman '27

Bessie Walker.

Evelyn Tobingiers.

Nola Mead

Evelyn Bangalupi

Naomi Mason

Antonia Blum

Florence

Lucille Brandon.

Howard '27

Dorothy Cole

Smith Covey

Gwen Pyle

Margaret Anita M. Wheeler.

Axel Frates Strawberries

Francis Hatch

Marjorie Allen.

Virgil Sullivan

Murray Waters

Lenore Spaulding

Tim Licks.

May Hendricks

"Willie" Steiner

Edna Hilbert

Bernice Sophey

Bertude Nilsson

Klaisy Anderson

Stanley Swain

Elizabeth Blind

Kathy Litter

Shorty Talbot

Wally L. Olsen

"Dato" Coffey

Whitney Merritt

Juanita Baird "Wink" '27

Big Brothers

Both Winters

H. V. (Boff) Butler

Anna Boschen

Mildred (Billie) Samson

Eric Anderson

Anita Covey

Thelma Hayes

John Edson

"Del" Allen

Norma Mazzoni Alice Palmer

CLASSES



Polly Sullivan

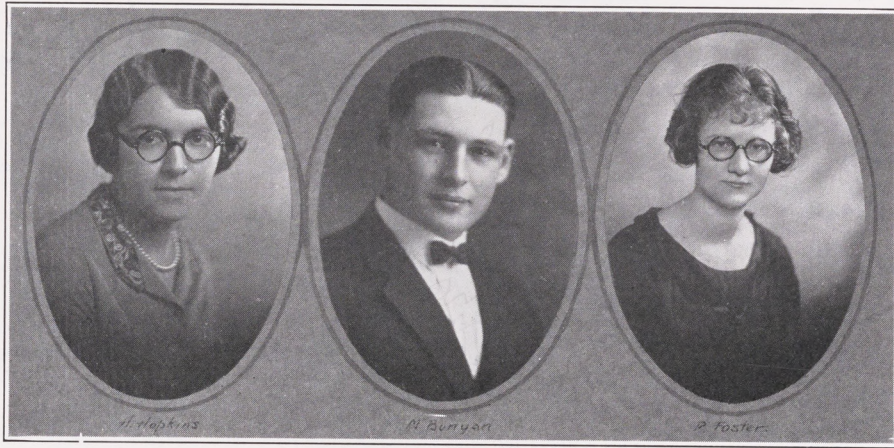
H. Niles '27

Powena Rose.

D'Arcy Hunt '27

Paul Blodgett '27

Dorothy Connors



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS—FALL SEMESTER

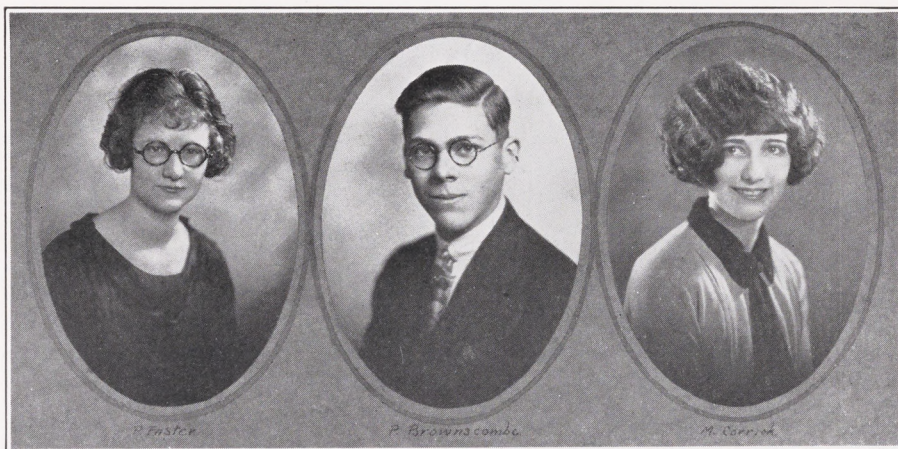
Sophomores

It is impossible to record in a few short paragraphs the history of this—the largest class to be graduated from Santa Rosa Junior College. In the last two years—very short ones to us—much has been attempted and much has been accomplished.

Having been in the majority last year as Freshmen, the class of '26, came back to J. C. to find ourselves outnumbered almost two to one by the Frosh. We had a great responsibility on our shoulders—to lead the Freshmen into the paths of college life and traditions, and to further the work started the previous year towards our goal—a Sonoma County Junior College. As Sophomores we have responded to the many calls made upon us, and, ably helped by the Freshmen, we have made this a year rich in achievement.

Having organized our class before vacation, we lost no time after returning in the fall. The officers elected for the first semester were: President, Matthew Bunyan; vice-president, Pearl Foster; secretary, Hattie Hopkins; treasurer, Nick DeMeo; representative to finance committee, Earl Schilling.

The officers for the second semester: President, Phillip Browncombe; vice-president, Pearl Foster; secretary, Marjorie Corrick; trea-



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS—SPRING SEMESTER

surer, Kuni Nakano; representative to finance committee, Matthew Bunyan.

Immediately after registration was completed and some sort of routine had been established, we welcomed the Freshmen with a reception. Laura Kett served as social manager, and the reception was the outstanding social event of the year.

"Bear Facts," the bi-monthly publication sponsored by the Sophomores, has been published throughout the college year.

Dramatics, music, debating and athletics have each received a share of Sophomore support. Worthy of special mention among the activities first mentioned are "Biz-Biz" and the Junior College Carnival.

Throughout Junior College life, and especially during this last year, the Sophomores have tried to keep alive the college spirit. If there has been any failure, it has been because of conditions under which the students have worked and not because of lack of desire. We have tried to make our college a true college. We have tried to keep inviolate, ideals and traditions handed down to us. We have faith that soon there will be a Sonoma County Junior College where even better results will be obtained than have been possible in the past.



FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS—FALL SEMESTER

Freshmen

The class of '27 entered Santa Rosa Junior College last fall with much surplus energy, which throughout the year has been expended in classes, in athletics, and in social and business activities. Our class boasts of not only quality, but quantity. We started the autumn semester with an enrollment of one hundred and six, the largest class that has yet entered Junior College. In the spring, term attendance was still up to standard, with the class enrollment at one hundred and three. Twenty Freshmen students entered at the beginning of the spring term. The women only slightly outnumbered the men.

Our classmates come from far and near. Not only the surrounding counties are represented, but also several of the coast states. Although a greater proportion of the students are from Santa Rosa; Petaluma, Sebastopol, Healdsburg, Geyserville and Cloverdale are well represented.

At the first class meeting of the fall semester, Jack Carrington was elected president and the other class officers were nominated. At the second meeting of the term the following officers were elected: Vice-president, Walter Albertson; secretary and treasurer, Millicent Sinclair; representative to finance committee, Louis Silveira; social manager, Betty McCanaghy; freshmen athletic manager, Fred Farquar; chairman of the entertainment committee, Minerva Salisbury.

The Sophomores very delightfully received the Freshmen at a dance on October 16, at the Lincoln Auditorium. Miss Laura Kett, the student body social manager, arranged an interesting program. The dance was attended by the Freshmen in large numbers, who appreciated the entertainment given them by their upper classmen.

The return dance, given in honor of the Sophomores, was held in the Saturday Afternoon Club house, on January 16. Several class meetings were devoted to the arrangement of those details which contributed to the success of the evening. Miss Betty McCanaghy, the social manager, served most efficiently as general chairman.

The following officers guided the class during the second semester:



FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICER—SPRING SEMESTER

President, Fred Farquar; vice-president, Millicent Sinclair; secretary and treasurer, Ester Maack; social manager, Marjorie Evart; representative to the finance committee, Vivian Wasson; athletic manager, Murray Watters; chairman of entertainment committee, Jack Wright.

The Freshmen had as members many star athletes who worked faithfully on the varsity teams. Those Freshmen of ability who made the football team were: Virgil Sullivan, Floyd Talbot, Robert Stedman, Louis Silveira, Roger Perelli-Minetti, Charles Holland, Edward Heiss and Fred Farquar. These men added much to the strength of part of the team and showed admirable fighting spirit.

In basketball, Robert Stedman, Paul Blodgett, Virgil Sullivan, Vincent Gracin, Jack Wright and Sidney Cleek won honors for their class and for their college.

We were well represented in baseball by Floyd Talbot, Harold Clymo, Vincent Gracin, Virgil Sullivan, Robert Stedman, Fred Farquar and Don Weatherington.

Our class produced these track stars: Herchel Niles, Lawrence Levensaler, Charles Holland, Floyd Talbot, Whitney Merritt, Jim Grace, Warren Richardson, John Adams, Perry Austin and Arthur Bolton.

The Freshmen have actively participated in dramatics. Dorothy Widdoes, Herchel Niles, Perry Austin, and Murray Watters held title roles in "The Show Off," a dramatic success of the year.

Our classmen also proved to be musically inclined. The cast of the clever musical comedy, "Biz-Biz" which was so delightfully presented this year, was largely composed of members of the class of '27. Anna May Mann and Jack Carrington successfully carried the leading parts. They were supported, in character parts, by Jack Wright, Mildred Green, Marjorie Evart, Francis Hatch, Fred Farquar, Minerva Salisbury, Doris Hicks, Wilma Steiner, Helen Wilcox, Lulu Cadan and Vira Kindig. Others of our talented classmen did brilliant work in the chorus.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS





STUDENT BODY OFFICERS—FALL SEMESTER

Student Body

On September 21, 1925, the students of Santa Rosa Junior College registered for the fall term. The total number of students registering at that time was 168. For the first time in its history the Santa Rosa Junior College had a registration fee, to the amount of five dollars. This fee eliminated the sale of student body cards, which in the past had proved to be a bothersome task.

The student body officers for the fall term were: President, Philip Brownscombe; vice-president, Isabelle Bunyan; secretary, Marjorie Corrick; treasurer, Charles DeMeo; publicity manager, Byron McCormick; social manager, Laura Kett; editor of Bear Cub, Walter Albertson; yell leaders, Stanley Swain and Nick DeMeo; men's athletic manager, Murray Watters; women's athletic manager, Lucile Freedman.

The result of the election of student body officers for the spring term was: President, Nick DeMeo; vice-president, Pearl Foster; secretary, Margaret Iles; treasurer, Philip Brownscombe; athletic manager, Murray Watters; social manager, Laura Kett; yell leaders, Donald McDonald and Virgil Sullivan.

For the first semester, the junior college had alternate business and program assemblies. On the program assembly days, we had luncheons following the assemblies. The luncheons proved very successful, as they brought the students together and aroused a great deal of school spirit. The second semester, however, the students were forced to abandon the original scheme of assemblies, which were held from eleven until twelve o'clock on Fridays, to correspond to the high school assemblies.

These weekly assemblies have always been interesting and well worth attending. Splendid programs have always been provided by our social manager, Laura Kett. In addition to the programs, we had many enthusiastic rallies conducted by our yell leaders. Assisting the yell leaders was Mabel Wiggins, who led in the college songs.



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS—SPRING SEMESTER

First among the many interesting and entertaining speakers was Mr. Rohl of the University of California, who gave a very helpful talk on the conditions at his college. He further encouraged the junior college students to go to a higher college if possible.

Mr. Cross, our next speaker, urged the students to get the most out of college.

On one occasion we were fortunate in having with us several of the Junior College's former student body presidents: Carleton Spridgen, '25, George Bath, '25 and Joel Mallory, '24. Each speaker gave some of his experiences since he had graduated from Junior College, and told how he had benefitted from his two year's course here. On this occasion the students were also privileged to hear from Maybelle Nisson '24, who has achieved distinct success in the art department at the University of California.

No one who heard "Red" Tauzer's speech on supporting athletics will ever forget it. It was a very forceful speech, and right to the point. Mr. Tauzer created entirely a new atmosphere in Junior College. He stirred up more school spirit than we imagined we possessed.

Thereafter there was an amazing increase in the attendance at each game, and the girls, to show their spirit also, prepared banquets for the basketball players.

Later on we had interesting talks by Miss Connell and Mr. Dougherty of the University of California. They spoke on the college life at U. C., and the activities of that college.

In the spring term Evangelist John Brown gave us an inspiring talk on education and its value.

The students of the Junior College were invited to attend the high school assembly when Mr. Irving Pichel delivered an address. The students felt themselves fortunate in having hand and opportunity to hear a man who stands for the ideals, intellectual and artistic, that Mr. Pichel represents.

Mr. Lawler of San Francisco was another splendid speaker. His topic was "Thrift." Mr. Lawler very kindly offered to send the Junior College some pictures for the auditorium.

One assembly which was enjoyed with the high school students

was a program put on by the Humboldt State Teachers' College. The entertainment was clever and was greatly appreciated by the audience.

This year the Junior College has been well advertised by its athletics, debating, and scholarship.

In scholarship we hold the enviable second position in the state of California among the various junior colleges and teachers' colleges. We were equally well represented in debating. We won the laurels from Bakersfield, while San Mateo was victorious over us. In another set of debates Bakersfield and San Mateo both forfeited to us.

We made a splendid showing in athletics this year, under the management of Murray Watters. To show that our interest in athletics has grown, this year, for the first time, we are a member of the Athletic Conference of State Teachers and Junior Colleges.

Nor has our social success been lacking this year, as we have had a number of dances and other social events of outstanding importance. Our musical and dramatic productions have been remarkably successful this year.

For the first time in its history, the Junior College has a complete, written constitution that is at the present time in force. Several committees have worked diligently in order to accomplish this task. Provisions have been made in the constitution for a historian, a student body affairs committee, and a rally committee.

We sent a representative, Nick DeMeo, this year to a convention of junior college student body presidents of the state, held at San Jose, January 23. Mr. DeMeo returned to us with many excellent ideas gathered from other junior college institutions.

This year our financial system has been very successful. We have used the budget system with great efficiency. In this way, each department was well taken care of, and no one was slighted.

The Junior College now has a real library of its own. Generous donations have been made by Miss Mott, Mr. Elkins, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Bennyhoff, Mr. Kuni Nakano, and Mr. Stanley Swain. This library is increasing, and it will be a great aid to the future students.

Two more indications of the growth of the Junior College are: First, that the Santa Rosa Junior College is now independent of the University of California; we have two yell leaders instead of one. These reasons, together with our many other signs of growth, show how active our student body organization has been this year of 1925-26.

Last year we boasted of our 120 students. In the fall semester of 1925 we had 168 students, while this last spring term we can boast of 172.

We all are proud of our student body, and deem this to be the most successful year in the history of Santa Rosa Junior College.





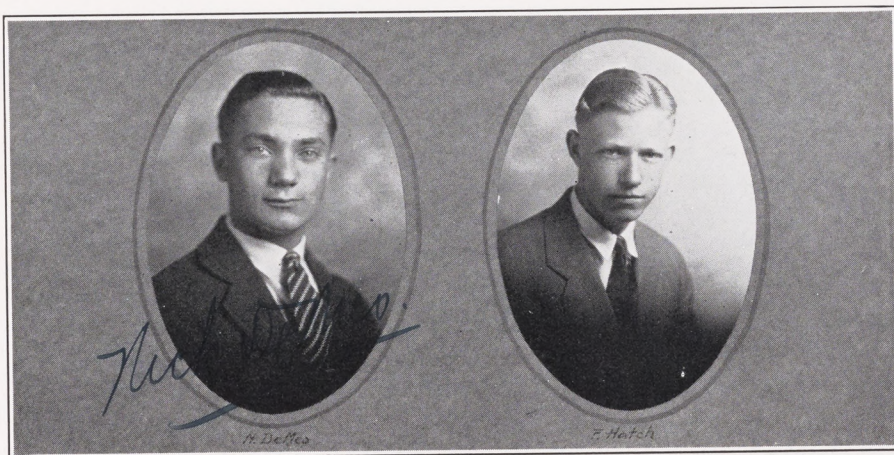
Associated Women Students

The officers of the A. W. S. for this term are as follows: President, Isabelle Bunyan; vice-president, Helen Mallory; secretary, Meta Kleinworth; treasurer, Alma Shelley.

The main social event of the A. W. S. year was a progressive dinner given on Wednesday, January 20. This was in the nature of a get-acquainted party for the Freshmen girls.

The first course was served at the Iles home on College Avenue. The main course was served by Mrs. Baird at the Part Time School Hall, and the third course was served at Mrs. Levy's home on Sonoma Avenue.

After the dinner the girls were invited to attend the dance given at the Occidental Hotel for Red Grange, the football star.



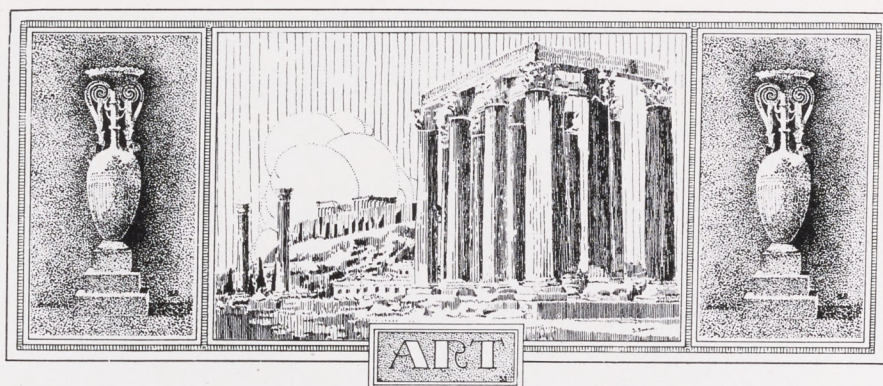
Associated Men Students

The Associated Men Students consists of all the men in the Santa Rosa Junior College. The purpose of the meetings is to promote a friendly co-operative spirit among the men of the college and to listen to vocational speakers. This organized study is considered a very valuable item in a college education.

The first meeting of the year was held on December 11, 1925. At this time officers were elected for the ensuing term: Nick DeMeo, president; Francis Hatch, secretary. Plans were made for the compilation and adoption of a code of ethics. The aims and ideals of the organization were presented by Dean Bailey and President DeMeo.

The next meeting was held on January 15, 1926. Dr. Guy Hunt was the speaker of the day. He presented the subject, "Curricula of Medicine." His presentation was able and was well received by the men.

No further meetings were held, because of a change in the schedule, which eliminated the extra period for such meetings. It is hoped this Association will be resumed next year, as it has proved its value, both socially and educationally.



The courses in art, in the Junior College, under the direction of Mrs. Clara S. Watters, have made rapid strides this year both in enrollment and in outline of work. There are many more students interested and enrolled in art courses than has ever been recorded. This is due somewhat to the large number of courses offered, which include art appreciation, the pen and ink work, costume designing and poster work. All the pen and ink classes of the high school schedule were opened to Junior College students for the first time, and the University of California has accepted and will give credit for the Junior College costume design, pen and ink, and art appreciation classes. The heads of the art department of the state college consider these equal to their own courses in charcoal, pen and ink, and free-hand work.

One of the most interesting and beneficial courses to anyone is that of art appreciation, in which not only true appreciation of all things artistic is learned, but man's civil needs are studied from the ancients through the age to the present. In the first semester the principles of line, tone and color were taken up. Civic planning and adornment and art in citizenship was the next big topic, followed by the landscape gardening of many countries. The second term included the study of the greatest art and artists of the ages from appreciative angles.

Aside from their routine class work the art students completed outside projects during the year, amounting to Christmas cards and many posters for various occasions and performances. Probably the most satisfying work of the entire year was that of the art work done on the Bear Cub. An explanatory note in regard to this work might be well placed here. The theme of the art in the book is strictly of Greek classic in design and in subject matter.

The bookplate incloses a corner of the Parthenon, and, as a dream in future educational housing, the Pittsburg "Cathedral of Knowledge." The foreword and contents are framed by classic detail design. The six division pages are also decorated with a single design, and the Greek masterpieces in statuary and masonry as follows: Classes, the Temple of Zeus; Graduates, the Victory of Samothrace; Literary, a bust of Homer; Athletics, the Discobolus of Myron's hand; Feature, as

the comedy of Greece was not satisfactory, the comedy of today had to be raised; and last, the year of passing of time and events is pictured by the Flying Mercury. Under this section, the Year, there are seven introductory drawings enclosed by a vase of rich Greek design on each side. These titles and their subjects are: Society, statue of two greek ladies talking; Alumni, the Temple of Apollo; Debating, the Theosophical Greek Theater at Point Loma, California; Art, the Temple of Zeus; Drama, the Theater of Dionpius; Calendar, stone chairs in the Theater of Dionysius; and Music, an ancient Greek relief from Mantinea of Apollo and Massyas, by Praxiteles. The Senior panels are given a slight touch of the theme by a fascinating Greek lamp and border design as used generally in the art work of the book.

A College Education

Just what is the full meaning of a college education? For different individuals there is a different meaning; but for the people as a whole there is an unmistakable sign of progress and prosperity for those who have obtained a college education.

Men like Lincoln and Edison did not need a college education. They knew how to acquire an education without going to college. Everyone cannot be an Edison or a Lincoln. Men like those are rare. But by obtaining a college education one can learn to become a man of the Lincoln-Edison type—to rise above the common mob, and to become a leader in his field.

And so it is that the trend of modern civilization is towards a higher education. So that the discoveries of today will be foundations for inventions of tomorrow. In all, a college education is progress.

Acknowledgement

To those who have contributed and helped towards the production of this finished book, the editor expresses great appreciation. To the following people, without whose co-operation the book would hardly have been the success that it is, the editor extends his sincere thanks:

Mr. Nelson, of Santa Rosa, who contributed all the photographs of graduates, class officers, and groups.

Mr. H. H. Luff, of the Commercial Art and Engraving Co., whose assistance was invaluable in the production of the engravings used in the book.

Mr. Grant L. Kellogg, of the Press Democrat Publishing Co., who gave much needed assistance in the publishing of the book.

Mrs. C. S. Watters and her art department, who made all the drawings in the book.



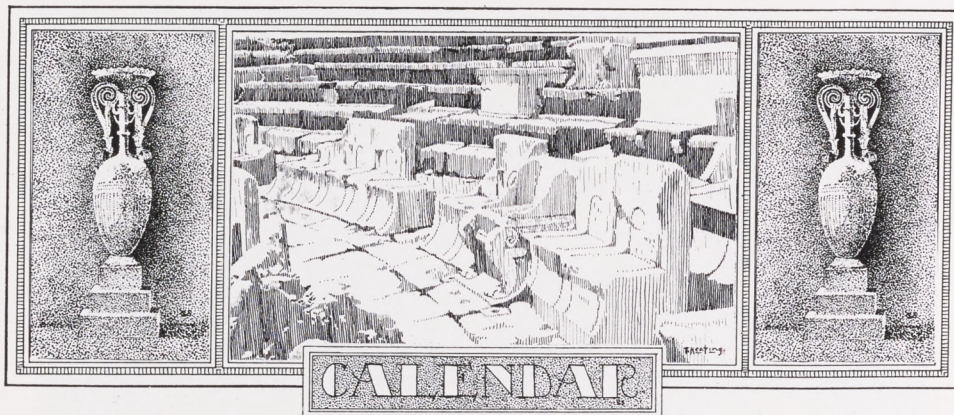
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<i>Athletic Editor</i>	Winston Jewett
<i>Feature Editor</i>	Charles Holland



SEPTEMBER

- 21—Registration. Many new students.
- 22—Freshmen are being looked over for football material.
- 23—Frosh still have trouble finding class rooms. Ask Miss Ott.
- 28—Elwyn Pye is back at J. C. Welcome, "Duke."

OCTOBER

- 2—General assembly to talk over work of the year.
- 5—Heard around school that the new Denver chap is a good football player.
- 7—Football practice is going good now. For first time in history our J. C. has entered the Athletic Conference of State Teachers' and J. C's.
- 9—Sophomore meeting to talk about Frosh reception. Election of Student Body officers. Rally for boys who leave this afternoon for San Jose. The first big game.
- 10—"Chick" had his first sight of the ocean. San Jose won football game, 21-0.
- 13—Have two yell leaders. Should have real pep this year.
- 14—Brownscombe seen talking to a girl. Getting a date for the Frosh reception, maybe.
- 15—Gave the townspeople a treat with our big rally on courthouse steps.
- 16—Peppy assembly. Interesting game with Chico. They beat us, 44-0. The boys are still smiling, nevertheless. The youngsters enjoyed themselves immensely at the Freshmen reception. So did all of us.
- 23—Boys left for San Mateo to play football.

NOVEMBER

- 3—Ken Parker has skinned up face. Been riding Brownscombe's two-wheeled automobile, Ken?
- 6—Bear Facts out—humoristic issue. Game with Sacramento. Lost 7-0; not so bad this time.
- 10—Jack Plover introduces new style of hair cut. He's also wearing a cap.
- 11—Rain.

- 12—More rain. Martha doesn't mind—she gets a ride to school anyhow.
- 15—Assembly and rally for the team leaving for Modesto football game. First J. C. luncheon proves great success. Lots of noise.
- 17—Mid-terms are coming. Midnight oil being burned.
- 20—A. W. S. have their first meeting. Hooray!
- 21—Big game at Stanford—many J. C. students attend. Others listen in on the radio.
- 23—Real rehearsals start on "Biz-Biz." Cast are practicing their parts all over school.
- 26—Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER

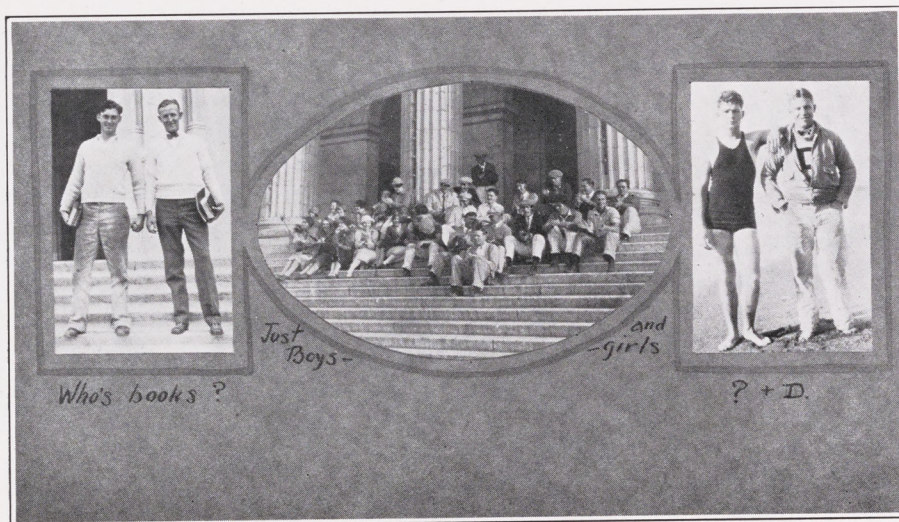
- 1—Brownscombe arrives on time to latin. Great shock to all. What's the matter with Hattie?
- 2—Dress rehearsal of "Biz-Biz." School clocks have the "jumps."
- 10—"Biz-Biz" proves big success. Thank you, Miss Cochran.
- 11—Christmas vacation. Hooray for Santa Claus.
- 26—Scattered books and brains being gathered together for school Monday.
- 28—Many new wearing apparels seen on campus.

JANUARY

- 2—Yesterday was the 1st. Albertson fell asleep in English today. Oh well, New Year's only comes once a year, Walter! New year's party. Everyone there.
- 7—Basket-ball game with Petaluma Spartans. We lost 11-7.
- 8—Quite a few alumni were present in assembly. Three of the former Student Body presidents spoke.
- 11—Stanley Swain is hobbling about school. Only the chillblains.
- 13—"Splat" says there isn't to be any summer this year.
- 15—Hair cuts free—ask Eleanor W.
- 16—Freshmen return dance. Bernice Sophey fell down while doing the Charleston.
- 18—Mr. Reynolds has the "Flu." Many students are absent from school.
- 19—A. W. S. candy sale. The money is to go for ferns for the study hall. What we really need is a few easy chairs.
- 20—Sophomore girls give the Freshmen co-eds a progressive dinner. After the dinner they go to the Occidental Hotel to meet "Red" Grange. Much excitement.
- 21—Girls are not hungry today. Conversation consists of "Red." Miss Sophey says he has two dimples. Bernice!
- 26—Cordray looked intelligent in latin today. Who is she, Don?
- 28—The School of Pharmacy of San Francisco arrives for basket-ball game. We win. Byron McCormick is on time to class this morning. He must have stayed up all night.
- 29—Played basket-ball at San Jose. Lost.

FEBRUARY

- 1—Mr. Reynolds is back with us again.
- 2—Wilma S. came to school with her hair done up in rags. Wilma, you're a big girl now.
- 3—Wind blows a transit down. Much excitement.



- 5—Assembly and luncheon. Bear Facts missing.
- 6—Basket-ball team leaves for Sacramento all dolled up.
- 8—Finals—quiet reigns supreme in study hall.
- 10—Mrs. Watters wonders why the hall is so quiet. It won't last, tho, Mrs. Watters.
- 12—Finals are over—sleep is next.
- 15—Registration. A few new faces.
- 16—Basket-ball game with San Jose here. We win 28-27.
- 18—No noise in study hall. Where's Joe Cuneo?
- 19—Rally for game with San Mateo. We win the game.
- 22—No school. Washington's birthday.
- 23—Mabel Wiggins was seen walking today. She must have run out of gas—for, why was she carrying a cane?
- 25—Joe Cuneo and Matt Bunyan have "fight" in study hall. We wonder who came out on top. Ask Matt.
- 26—Basket-ball athletes leave for Modesto. Spring is here.

MARCH

- 1—Wonderful moonlight. Ask Perry—he knows—he went on a weenie bake. While Manager Watters was in Modesto his mother took advantage of the fact and had his cords cleaned. You should have hidden them, "Splat."
- 2—Found out Harold Lloyd's real name. Hello, Jack.
- 3—Mr. Reynolds tells his class that he finds Miss Olsen's voice very pleasing. How come, Fern?
- 4—Brownscombe was found napping in latin. Try sleeping at night, Phillip.
- 7—Wilma S. fell out of her chair in latin this a. m.



- 8—Charlotte is usually always worrying over her studies. She wasn't today. What's the matter?
- 9—Heard in class. Belle Bunyan (singing), "I wanna go where you go." Jack Carrington pipes us, "Aw, forget it."
- 10—Wallace Hayes was seen cutting math. Hendrix saw him, too.
- 12—Humboldt State Teachers' College, entertains us today in assembly.
- 15—Isabelle is looking thinner.
- 17—St. Patrick's day. Cordray is wearing a purple shirt. Wonder what part of Ireland he's from?
- 18—Nick is still wearing his Irish bouquet. Wake up, Nick. Junior college has dance at Hall's after finding piano absent at the C. of C. hall.
- 19—Assembly. Belle is taking pictures. Rogues gallery, Belle? Baseball team plays at Boyes Springs against the Seals. We have a new pitcher, "Smiling Plug" Clymo. After game Mrs. Wyland finds a brown sock in her car. Whose was it, Elizabeth?
- 22—Chem ex today. D'Arcy Hunt wears his lucky green necktie.
- 23—Beth Winters is limping. She fell down on the campus. Baseball game at Anal. We win 9-2.
- 24—Arion Trio from KGO entertains us in assembly. J. C. oak tree benches in big demand.
- 25—Dean Bailey wondered why study hall was so quiet. He looked in and found everyone asleep. Spring fever.
- 29—Easter vacation.



Freshmen Reception

The Sophomores opened the social year when they welcomed the Freshmen at the annual Freshmen Reception. The event took place at the Lincoln Auditorium, on the evening of October sixteenth. The football men of the Chico State Teachers' College were special guests of the evening, having played football here in the afternoon. They voted our party a success and enjoyed our invitation to dance. Several former Junior College students were present to help the Freshmen have a good time.

Christmas and Alumni Party

On January second the college held their annual Christmas party in honor of the alumni who are home from college at that time. The alumni more than enjoyed the hospitality of the college students, which was graciously extended under the leadership of Miss Laura Kett, our social manager.

Freshmen Hosts

The Freshmen were hosts to the Sophomores of the College on January fifteenth at the Saturday Afternoon Clubhouse. The decorations in blue and gold were very artistically put, and the moonlight waltzes were a very popular feature of the evening. Special attractions of the evening were a clog dance by Warren Richardson, special numbers by the orchestra and a Charleston demonstration by Gerald Havener.

Much credit must be given Miss Betty McCanaghy for her work in planning the evening. The Sophomores warmly appreciated the hospitality of the Freshmen.

A. W. S. Progressive Dinner

The Sophomore Associated Women Students of the Santa Rosa Junior College entertained the Freshmen women at a progressive dinner, Wednesday evening, January twentieth. The evening started at the home of Miss Margaret Iles, progressing thence to the Girl Reserves' Hall, where the Misses Dorothy and Juanita Baird served. The next journey was to the home of Mrs. B. M. Levy, where her niece, Miss Eleanor Williamson, served the last course. Later in the evening the girls accepted an invitation to dance at the Occidental Hotel and met Harold "Red" Grange.

College Dance

The Lincoln Auditorium was once more the scene of a dancing party, given by the Santa Rosa Junior College Student Body, on Friday evening, April seventeenth. Many students and alumni enjoyed the dancing until midnight. Punch and good music were added touches, and everyone went home pleased, despite the rain that night.

Garden Party

Once more the Freshmen showed their school spirit by entertaining the Student Body and their friends at a Garden Party. The event took place at the Saturday Afternoon Clubhouse on Friday evening, April thirtieth. As usual, under the supervision of Miss Betty McCanaghy, the decorations were entirely different and altogether pleasing. The Riveria Club orchestra played for the dancing until a late hour.





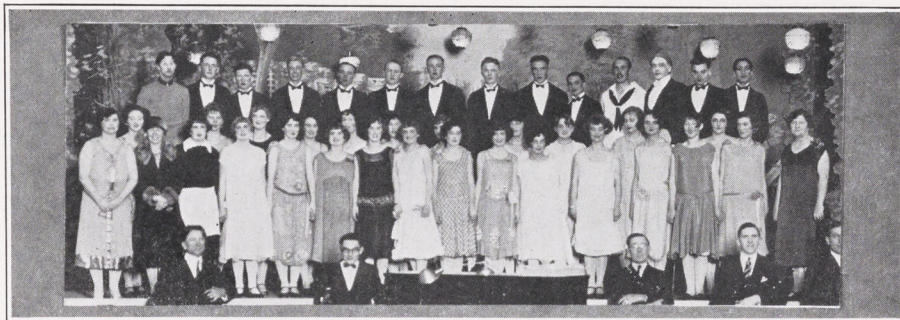
With the close of the school year drawing near, the Music Department may feel exceedingly proud of its 1925-26 record. Without a doubt it has done, through its various groups and organizations, much towards advertising the Junior College and towards promotion of a Sonoma County Junior College.

Under the very able direction of Miss Helen Cochrane, there has been produced a type of music surprising in its excellence, and of a quality which has led to many appearances of music students before different clubs of the county.

The crowning event of the year, that which naturally should be mentioned first, was the presentation of "The Image of Biz-Biz." This musical comedy was a late Broadway hit and because of the expense involved in production and in royalties, it was uncertain at first whether we could produce it or not. However, Miss Cochrane's faith in the class, coupled with the latter's guarantee to sell enough tickets to make the performance a financial success, swung the balance favorably, and in less than four weeks the comedy was produced before a packed house in the auditorium. It was received enthusiastically by the audience, and proved a great financial success.

To name a star in the entertainment is impossible. Fred Farquar as the stuttering bell boy, was perhaps the hit of the evening. Jack Carrington as Dickey Hall, the millionaire kid; Anna May Mann as Sue Montague; Ken Brown as Smith, the hotel clerk; Doris Hicks as the old maid; Elwyn Pye as the sailor with the image; and many others should be mentioned for their excellent work. Too much credit cannot be given to Miss Cochrane for her never-ceasing help and instruction in the presentation of the performance.

With this musical comedy successfully produced, the music class formed into groups. The Men's Chorus, composed of Carrington and Farquar, first tenors; Brown, Niles and Hatch, second tenors; Goodwin, Poli and Nick DeMeo, baritones; and Charles DeMeo, Schilling and Wright, basses, was by far the most active in the ensuing term.

*BIZ-BIZ*

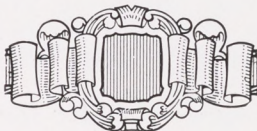
During the course of the year the personnel of the chorus changed somewhat, when McDonnell, Coffey and Richardson entered, taking the places of Schilling and Charles DeMeo, who had dropped out.

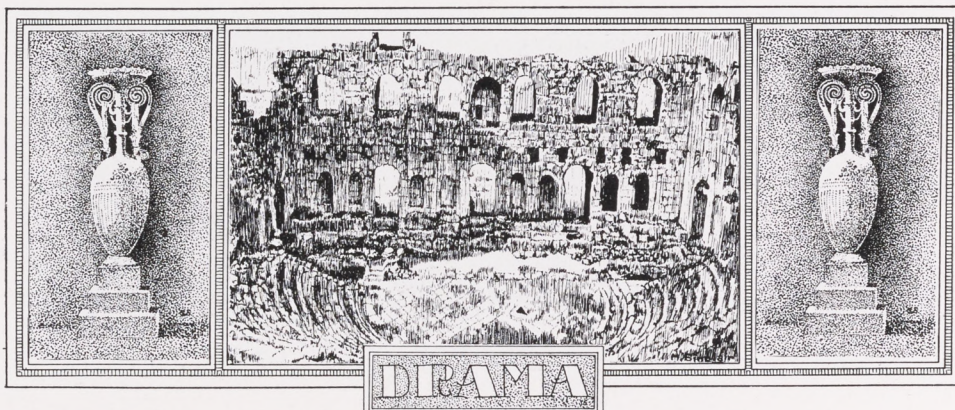
Among the many places visited by this group during the year were the Santa Rosa Kiwanis, Lions and Rotary clubs, the Petaluma Lions and Rotary clubs, The Saturday Afternoon Club and the men's supper at the Presbyterian Church. They also had the honor of closing the Afternoon of Sacred Music held in the auditorium on Sunday, March the seventh.

The Women's Double Quartet was heartily received when it sang before the Parent Teachers Association and undoubtedly it will be in demand in the near future.

This, in short, comprises the high lights of the activities of the Music Department, up to the time of publication. Before the end of the school year, there are several more treats to be offered. An evening of music, similar to that which called forth such favorable comment a year ago, is being planned for the near future. The Music Department will take its share of the burden of the Junior Kollege Kostume Karnival, and in all probability the men will bring forth an act for the show. And last, but not least, the music for the commencement exercises will come from this class.

Reviewing it all, we see a fine record and an even finer future for the music work in the Junior College.





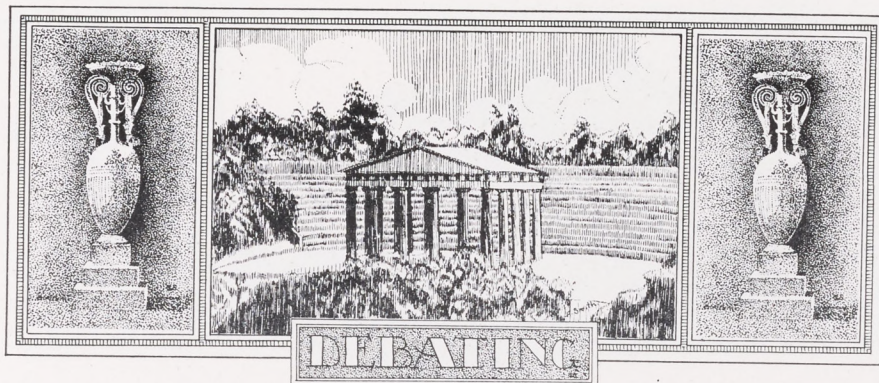
This has been an active year in Dramatics. Soon after college opened, the instructor in dramatics, Miss Catherine Fields, was called on to direct the Community Chest play, two performances of which were given, one at the High School Auditorium and the other at the Occidental Hotel banquet, planned by Mr. Mark Lee, secretary of the Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce. Appropriate music, under the direction of Miss Helen Cochrane, preluded and followed the play. The cast gave a beautiful and impressive interpretation.

Shortly after the Community Chest play the college put on one of the best comedies that has been seen here, "The Show Off," by George Kelly. The title role was taken by Elwyn Pye, who interpreted Audrey Piper to the satisfaction of everyone. Scarcely second in popular favor was Dorothy Baird in the delightful character of Mrs. Fisher.

The class in Public Speaking, under Miss Fields' direction, have presented this semester a three-act comedy, "The Age of Romance," which for beauty of setting excelled all previous productions. "Jerry" Havener was the genius who managed the scenery and lights, and De Ette Winter produced the costume and furnishing effects. Again the play went over in great shape, the leads, Jack Wright and Louise Mason, charming the hearers with the sincerity of their interpretations. In fact, every man did his duty, and the women did good, conscientious work. Again Dorothy Widdoes distinguished her part. Gertrude Neilson was an excellent doting mother, while Norma Maz-zini was a handsome and perfectly proper maid. Wesley Goodwin behaved well as the head of the family. Tom Keating as the impressionable Bobby was most appealing, and Harold Clymo made a hearty, genial man of the road, not to mention the good acting of Ern, little Alice Louise Billings. Taylor Hansen gave a fine program of classical music between acts.

Three other dramatic programs, under the direction of Miss Fields, will be given by the Dramatic class this term. A one-act play, "The Man in the Bowler Hat," a three-act comedy, "Expressing Willie," and Shakespeare's "Mid-summer Night's Dream."

The class plans to present the Shakespearean play on the outdoor stage at the high school, with appropriate stage settings and beautiful costumes. The fairy dancers will be trained by Nancy Knight, and Jerry Havener will have charge of the lighting.



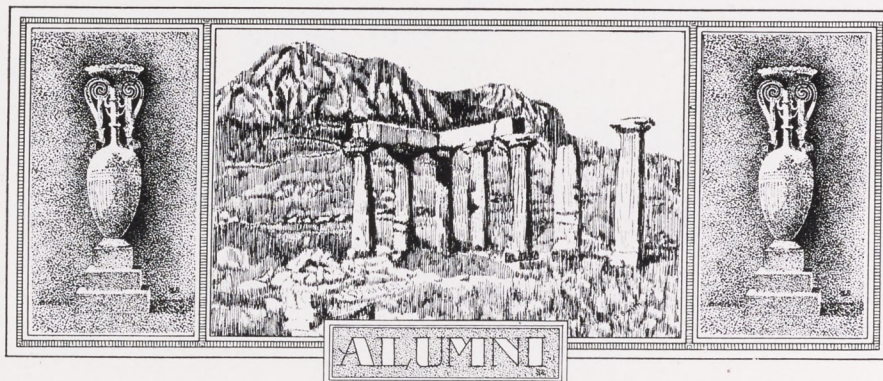
The J. C. Debating society has won honors in its second year of membership to the Central California Intercollegiate Debating Federation, in which eight colleges are represented.

Very early in the term the debating society members elected officers and began gathering material for their first debate, scheduled for December 11. The question was: "Resolved, That the military forces of the U. S. should be placed under the direction of a single cabinet officer with separate sub-departments for the land, naval, and air forces." Phillip Brownscombe and Donald Cordray were chosen for the affirmative, while Hattie Hopkins and Matt Bunyan were selected for the negative team. San Mateo Junior College defaulted to our negative team. The affirmative team also won after a very interesting debate.

For our second debate Donald Cordray and Earl Schilling were to have represented Junior College in going to Bakersfield, but Bakersfield forfeited the debate to them. This gave us the championship of the junior league, and a silver cup was presented to the society.

On March 19, Charles McDonald and John Jovanovich of San Mateo came to Santa Rosa to debate the question: "Resolved, That the only scholastic evaluation of student work in college courses shall be passed or failed." Hattie Hopkins and Phillip Brownscombe spoke for the affirmative, but lost by a close decision to the San Mateons, who were unusually well prepared in their subject.

The date for the final debate with San Jose Teachers' College has not yet been set, but Santa Rosa fully expects to make a good showing for the Junior Colleges, and look forward to the time when Santa Rosa may be truly proud of her accomplishments.



1920

Verrel Weber.....Teaching at Woodland, California
 Eunice Gutermute.....Diagnostician at Affiliated College, S. F.
 Inez Russell.....Deceased
 Laura Whitney.....Now Mrs. Raymond Fellers
 Dorothy Adams.....Teaching at Vacaville, California
 Fern Powell.....Teaching at Susanville, California

1921

Roderick Craig.....Chemist for an oil plant, Richmond
 Isabel Homan.....Teaching at Gustine, California
 Annie Sheppard.....Teaching at Cortland
 Frank Fenton.....Teaching at Oregon Agricultural College
 Thomas Brownscombe.....Attending U. C.
 Ester Sarensen.....Teaching at Petaluma
 Waldemar King.....Salesman for C. P. C., S. F.
 Edith Moore.....Teaching in Santa Rosa

1922

Meryl Bish.....Employed by Ford Motor Co., Berkeley
 Arsene Chauvet.....Public Accountant in San Francisco
 Ruth Comstock.....Teaching at Ione
 Elizabeth Letold.....Teaching at Wilfred Station
 Julia Oakes.....Teaching at Todd School
 Vivian Olsen.....Attending Sweet's Business College
 Zelda Pitkin.....Now Mrs. R. Jones
 Estella Sinclair.....Now Mrs. Ray E. Duryee
 Drusilla Talbot.....Teaching at Woodland

1923

Marjorie Anderson.....Teaching in Lake County
 Ernest Baer.....Attending U. C.
 Herbert Brandon.....Working for Evans Motor Company
 Arnold Coltrin.....Attending U. of N.

Violet Hastings.....	Attending U. C.
Bernard Holm.....	Attending School of Medicine, U. C.
Melvin Holm.....	Attending School of Medicine, U. C.
Fred Janssen.....	Working in Sebastopol
Frances Jordan.....	Living at Long Beach, California
Catherine Pressley.....	Attending Sweet's Business College
Elwyn Pye.....	Working at McCloud
Nellianna Pye.....	Now Mrs. Melvin Peugh
Aleta Lynn Rulofsm.....	Employed at the Anna May Tea Room
Mildred Shelley.....	Employed by Fellow's Garage, Sebastopol
Gertrude Wilcox.....	Working at Mercantile Trust Co., South Berkeley
Mildred Woodworth.....	Attending U. C.

1924

Joel Mallory.....	Working for the Union Oil Co., S. R.
Maybelle Nisson.....	Attending U. C.
Fred McMullen.....	Attending Armstrong's Berkeley
Evelyn Feliz.....	Calif. Real Estate Association, Los Angeles
Fred Rogers.....	Attending Stanford
Theodore Woolsey.....	Working in Los Angeles
Martha Erwin.....	Attending U. C.
Carl Witham.....	Attending U. C.
Stacy Lee.....	Attending C. of P.
Madeline Stout.....	Attending U. C.
William Olsen.....	Working for the Santa Rosa Tannery
Irma Curtis Anzini.....	Living at San Mateo
Joseph Swyers.....	Living at home
Ray Krotser.....	Attending Stanford
Helen Hamilton.....	Working in the Anna May Tea Room
Bryant Forsyth.....	Attending Affiliated College, S. F.
Howard Fry.....	Attending San Jose State Teachers' College

1925

George Bath.....	Attending Davis Agricultural College
Esther Serel.....	Attending San Jose State Teachers' College
Gladys Bennyhoff.....	Attending College of Pacific
Charles Niles Jr.....	Attending U. C.
Carlton Spridgen.....	Attending U. C.
Grace Nichols.....	Attending College of Pacific
Irwin Braun.....	Working at Bay Point
Henry Ravenscroft.....	Attending U. C.
Mary Ann Ravenscroft.....	Attending U. C.
Clarissa Collier.....	Attending U. C.
Edith Letold.....	Attending San Jose State Teachers' College
Ethel Wiggins.....	Attending San Jose State Teachers' College
Vera Peavler.....	Attending U. C.
Leveta Bell.....	Attending U. C. Southern Branch
Stanley Austin.....	Attending U. C.
Dorothy Black.....	Attending U. C.
Rose Herbert.....	Attending U. C.

Margaret Doggett.....	Attending U. C.
Karl Saarenen.....	Attending U. C.
Frances Jones.....	Attending San Jose State Teachers' College
Waunema Jones.....	Attending San Jose State Teachers' College
Stuart Hale.....	Attending U. C.
Ellen Small.....	Attending U. C.
Norma Hastings.....	Attending U. C.
Edwin Hawkins.....	Attending Minnesota Lutheran College
Betty Bentley.....	Employed in The Emporium, S. F.
Joseph Cuneo.....	Post Graduate at J. C.





First Prize Poem

Immortelles

There is a balm for loneliness
In dreaming of the sea,
And how, in low, unending symphony
The moon is recompensed for each caress
Of her white hands
Upon the gleaming sands
That are
His gift.

There is a sleep for tired eyes
In dreaming of the stars,
And how they drift on iridescent bars
That twine and intermingle in the skies
To form a haze
Of fragile, coloured rays
So tears
Will shine.

There is a peace for weary minds
In dreaming of the hills
And of a crooning, silvered brook that winds
Among the fallen leaves in little rills,
And how brown fawns
In opal-misted dawns
May drink
At rest.

But if our hearts relinquish dreams
In dull abandonment,
An emptiness of days engulfs the gleams
Of moonlit shore, and all the colours blent
By weaving stars;
For us no peace, but scars—
If dreams
Are lost.

—Antonie Koenig.

First Prize Story

Foam

Katia had a dream: to live. And each year, what she had scrimped from the mockery of making cloth flowers, and the terror of sleeping in a cubby-hole under stairs, and the starvation of two half-meals a day, she spent for one week of life. She would go to the Blue Sea, and dance in her cottage, and remember her Russia—she would be gay, forgetting the rest. For one week with other weeks surging about it, trying to crush it into the thin, ordinary dust of time Katia would know the strength of her dream. Tomorrow she would live.

And at the Blue Sea was Katia's friend, Mikhael, who had the body of a young god, a violin that trembled with life under his poet's fingers . . . and blind eyes. Katia knew that Mikhael, too, dreamed a dream in his cottage upon a high cliff; some day he would make a song of Russia, melancholy and dark as the sea's moan and the cry of winds through the cypress, and weave with its pain a little, gayety—not joy; hot, coloured as flame, and as momentary. But the time had not come. Yet, in Katia's week of life . . . who could know?

The Katia who made cloth flowers was weary, but the other Katia who burned to dance and live would not let her sleep. She thought of the understanding of Mikhael, his sympathy, the power of his firm, thin hand. . . .

The Blue Sea and Mikhael's cottage were warm under the sun's fingers when Katia came. Radiant against the shadow of remembrance, black hair freed to the wind, eyes glistening like brook-water under brown leaves, Katia flung her old valise into the middle of her kitchen floor, pirouetted once around each room, and dashed for Mikhael's cottage along a little lost path at the cliff's edge.

"Mikhael," she called, "Mikhael! Where are you? It's Katia!"

"Katia!" came a warm voice. And Mikhael stood in the doorway, where the sunlight played over his straight golden hair and tanned face.

"Come," he said, reaching for Katia's hand; then, "And have you danced yet for old Gavriilo?"

Katia, breathless, laughed "No!" at Mikhael, and led him to a rock seat where she could watch, beyond the cliff, great, curving waves fall in splinters of turquoise and silver. "And I don't care! Oh, Mikhael, even if I never dance I shall be happy—with the sea, and gulls, and a salt, wet wind—now you tell me, Mikhael, about the song!"

"There is not much to tell, Katia. All winter I have heard the wind tearing the cypress trees, and I have known the pain of their torn roots; and the sea has shattered her dreams against these rocks and sobbed over their fragments—the white dead corals, mother-of-pearl, and strage, dark flowers—Katia, I have thought that somewhere, in the tides of this sea, flow the waters of our Volga . . . and I have heard the Boat-Song rise and fall in the life, of one inrolling wave, but always it has been broken on the rocks,

and the cliff has trembled . . . So, Katia, I have taken the sorrow of our Russia from the sea, and made a song. But there is more than sorrows; always there is courage, where pain is, so I am waiting, now, for a rhythm, a mad beauty that will flash between the two cadences of pain, the wild defiance of a last, despairing dance, . . . It has not come yet, Katia, but it will. Then we will have our Russia in a song . . . And you will not hope longer for your dream, Katia?"

Katia turned her palm against the wind to feel its cool weight, and laughed a little. "This is my dream, this passing of days. Let those who can only dance—who do not know this—let them go to Gavriilo, and try to be happy. Do you remember:

Make for yourselves boats,
Make the rowlocks of fir,
Make the oars of pine!",

Mikhael? I do, over the cloth flowers . . . And when my dreams become life, what more can I ask?"

"You are a strange child, Katia," Mikhael mused . . . Suddenly he rose, and as Katia gave him her hand, he turned away from the sea and asked softly, "Katia, will you dance for me tomorrow night, here? It will help my song—I do not know any dance to play—but—I'm not asking too much?"

Katia, whose heart remembered Gavriilo, yet dared hold no more beauty than the Blue Sea gave—was glad, for a moment, that Mikhael could not look into her face.

In the violet dusk, Katia was running along her little lost path to Mikhael's cottage, her red boots scattering the pebbles and her short skirt swirling with the wind. It was blue, lined with white silk, and it made Katia think of a wave breaking into foam. At her waist the chain which held in place the tiny scimitar fastening her wrought silver bell jingled as she ran, and her red and green jacket flared out behind her. Occasionally she stroked with one hand the fur bordering it, holding her head-dress tightly in the other. Mikhael was waiting, and together they entered his cottage. Katia laughed to see a plate of round cakes and two tall glasses, with tea and lemons beside them, on a side table.

"After the dance, 'diubovnike,' Mikhael warned. "But now tell me why you no longer hope to dance before Gavriilo."

There could be no evasion. "Because, Mikhael, there are times when I cannot dance. Your violin answers when you are sad, or gay; but a dance is always gay—oh, Mikhael, don't you know? In Russia I could dance, always; but not here. Here it is all a dark pain for many, but they cannot live, they do not know how to beat down that pain with a dance—they do not understand, and I am becoming like them . . . Soon I will not come to the Blue Sea, because I will think that what I know is life . . . soon I will not dance . . ."

"You are young, Katia,—twenty—you are only tired. You must go on . . ." But Mikhael's voice shook a little. He knew . . . "Now, dance for me!"

So Katia tilted on the tips of her little red boots, and began. She was dancing in the great white and gold Hall of St. George in the Kremlin at Moscow, before the Tzar—but the Tzar looked like Mikhael . . . Katia did not see the change as Mikhael caught with

exquisite sensitiveness the aura of colours, the jingle of the silver chain, the perfect rhythm of her body, the clacking of her heels, the whirl of her movement—Mikhael's pulse was hammering in his strong throat and his hand was closing over the violin—she paused, because she knew the flame was in Mikhael's soul . . . Mikhael played . . . and the cottage walls shook with his threnody, and colours burned against the shadow, and died again It was the soul of Russia . . .

When it had paused, Katia was trembling.

"Mikhael," she said.

"Katia," Mikhael said after a long while, "will you write it for yourself, to keep? It will help you before old Gavriilo. You are going to dance."

So Katia wrote while Mikhael told her how, and the sea was still with dawn when she went back along the little lost path.

When she had gone, Mikhael played the Song once more. Again the cypress trees cried against the wind, and the cliff staggered under the blows of the sea, sobbing over the fragments of her dreams, beating against the rocks—and again defiance flashed in the mad rhythm of a dance, fire upon shadow. . . . One string of the violin snapped. Mikhael, startled, could not remember . . . There was Katia dancing beside him, defying her tears with a gayness momentary and coloured as flame . . . Katia, whom he loved . . . the soul of Russia . . . in his song . . . He dropped the bow.

"Katia!" he cried aloud. "Katia! Answer me! You are here, in this room!" . . . But he heard only the sea . . . "Katia, it is you, the Song—you, your soul—Katia, where are you? It is you I love, Katia—I love you—your soul is my Song, because I love you . . ."

He stumbled out of the cottage, and the roar of the sea and the wind smote upon him and drove him through the grey dawn along the cliffs, among the torn cypress roots and the twisted branches, to find Katia . . . And suddenly Mikhael felt no earth under his feet. For one terrible second there was no sound, and Mikhael knew, vaguely, that far below, a high wave was curving, poised . . . while foam was dying upon the sand . . . the wave crashed, thundered over the rocks . . . and Mikhael lay broken among the fragments of the sea's dreams . . .

When dusk came again over the Blue Sea, Katia was standing on her lost path at the cliff's edge, with a little box in her arms.

"Great Mother," she cried, "let the waters of the Volga flow near him, if you will . . . and near these . . . I am going back—there is nothing else . . ." And the Great Mother sent a turquoise and silver wave over the box where Katia had folded her dancing dress with its jingling belt, and the Song that was herself . . .—*Antonie Koenig.*

Lacquer Prints

*Your memory is poignant, unobtrusive
Like the penetrating fragrance of this sweet white iris .*

*Perhaps because I wear this string of orange sea-shells
(The empty houses of little dead things)
I think of glowing echoes and am sad.*

—*Ivy Robbins.*

A Dream-Maker's Song to a Mortal

I fashioned once a lovely dream for you
Of silver-threaded webs and tinted wings
And diamonds that the Fairy-Goldsmith brings
For curving rosebush leaves to hold as dew.

I stole the melodies the wild birds blew
From their gay Pipes of Pan, and the joy that sings
In our wind-mother's heart when slow she swings
A baby oriole cradle; for I knew

You loved these things. But when my work was done,
I crushed the fragile, pulsing gift in woe
Between my hands, glad you could not know

Its fairness . . . A broken quiver in the sun—
Death—and unfulfillment had begun.
I spared you pain because I loved you so.

—Antonie Koenig.

Naissance

I had a dull, brown bulb.
It took its share of warmth and light,
And one night it awoke.

I had a dull cocoon.
It took its share of warmth and light
And one night
A butterfly ventured out,
And flew about my room.

I had a dull, dark soul,
It took its share of warmth and light
One night
It ventured out
Into the arms of God.

—Helen M. Lehman.

Second Prize Story

Arnold Heinroth's Cello

It was during an intermission in the luncheon concert that Mr. Heinroth sat looking over the mass of diners. The orchestra platform being raised above the dining floor, he had an unbroken view of the entire room. He leaned back in his chair, his right thumb hanging in a small pocket of his vest. The supple fingers of his other hand unconsciously slid and paced along the finger-board of his 'cello.

A clatter of dishes and buzz of conversation filled Heinroth's ears. He had been listening to that clatter and buzz for a good many years. No one could remember how long Arnold Heinroth had played 'cello in Hotel Stuart's concert orchestra. The place had changed hands numerous times, orchestra directors came and went; first-fiddle, second-fiddle, flute; all, sooner or later, closed their instrument cases and drifted on. In spite of any changes old Heinroth sat sawing out mellow tone foundations and backgrounds for them all. He enjoyed his playing. His calloused finger tips caressed his 'cello strings. The 'cello had several unusual things about it; Its ebony tail piece was quaintly inlaid with gold and bits of shell. The strings stretched across a bridge of antique design, and the 'cello's neck ended, not in the usual scroll, but in a finely carved face of a woman. There was a mystery of some sort connected with Heinroth's 'cello. He never talked of the instrument. If questions were asked, they were evaded.

Mr. Heinroth liked to watch the ever-changing crowd in the dining room. He knew a good many of the steady patrons, but there were always new ones whom he had never seen before. Today, as he looked around the room, his eyes paused at the white, arched entrance as a man walked thru' it. He was a stranger to this place but Heinroth recognized him. Heinroth's expression changed to that of anger and hatred. His wandering fingers tightly gripped the finger-board of his 'cello.

The stranger stood gazing across the full dining room until his eyes met Heinroth's. By this time Heinroth's face was again serene. The stranger, betraying no start of surprise, smiled and bowed slightly as Heinroth did the same. A waiter showed him to a table some distance from the orchestra. The musicians, tuning their various instruments, were preparing to continue the concert. Tho' Mr. Heinroth plucked at his 'cello strings as if nothing had happened, he was greatly troubled. As the orchestra picked up the melody of the next selection and he played his part as usual, a flood of disturbing tho'ts passed thru' his mind. This was the last time he would ever play at Hotel Stuart. What a fool he had been to stay where he could be so easily found! But who would ever dream of Moritz coming to such a place as this? Of recent years he had not worried about Moritz's finding him. The fear of earlier times had gradually worn and he had been contented and happy with his music. He had fled Europe; England could have offered him more than this in music. His talent, his training, put him far above his fellow-

musicians here. As he played his feelings became more and more turbulent. The last time he would ever finger the strings of his 'cello. It was not his, after all; it belonged to Moritz. Moritz was coming for it now, not because he loved it and not because it would mean hours of pleasure and enjoyment as it had to Heinroth.

The next half-hour passed, leaving Arnold Heinroth aged and worn with the thro'ts of what was coming to an end. From across the room, having finished lunch with all deliberate calm, the man Moritz came. Pleasant, with easy manner, he approached Heinroth.

"Ah, my friend, it has been some time since we have met," he offered no hand to Heinroth but gave him a long, straight look.

"Yes, the years pass quickly for busy people such as you and I," Heinroth nervously shifted his scores about and arose from his chair, for the concert hour had drawn to a close. "You have been in this country only a short while?"

"I have been here several days, Mr. Heinroth, I did not expect the pleasure of meeting you here, however," the traveler dropt his eyes from Heinroth's face to the instrument which he was covering with its felt jacket. Moritz's expression grew sterner. It revealed a cruel mouth and cold eyes, but his soft, pleasant voice did not change as he continued to address Heinroth.

"I am staying at the Savoy. No doubt you will do me the honor of calling there tonight at nine," he placed a slender hand lightly on the 'cello, "and bring your instrument." An unmistakable air of command was in his manner and a slight note of sarcasm crept into his voice as he spoke this last phrase, "Good day, sir."

Returning the salute, Heinroth remained as he was until the man passed out thru' the dining room. Then gathering the beloved 'cello under his arm, he sadly walked from the rear door into the street. He could never come back; he must tell the management. No, he would wait until tomorrow. He might feel stronger then. He was very tired.

On arriving home he could do nothing but handle the instrument that meant so much to him. He drew the short bow softly across its strings and broke into a favorite melody, learned and loved in the hours he had spent at his 'cello.

The time passed rapidly and now he must go to keep his appointment. He slipped the 'cello into its covering and slowly made his way to Hotel Savoy, where he was sent to Mr. Moritz's rooms.

"You are prompt, Mr. Heinroth, sit down," Moritz nodded toward a chair. "I see you did not fail to bring the 'cello."

Heinroth, hardly able to let go of the instrument, saw Moritz strip off its jacket and finger it appraisingly.

"A fine piece of work, that, and wonderful tone, too. It certainly was a bargain and a rare find. You were with me when I bo't it, weren't you?"

"Yes," said Heinroth, his feelings beyond control, could stand no more. "Charles Moritz, why must you deal with me like this? Can't you see repentance in my face? Must I plead for mercy? I was with you when you bo't it, I wanted it then, but I was too poor for such a price. In Switzerland, when you asked me to keep it for you, to play it so that it would keep its tone, I was glad. The more I used the 'cello, the more I wanted it. My own poor instrument seemed thinner in tone than ever, and I hardly touched it. I grew to love the 'cello

so dearly that the tho't of your coming back to reclaim it was unbearable. Finally I came away from Switzerland, bringing nothing but the 'cello. I tho't that you would never find me. I have been happy until now." An old, old man now, stooped and sad, he turned toward the door.

"How unfortunate," spoke Mr. Moritz softly. "You must not feel so badly. There are plenty of other 'cellos, you know. I thank you for the splendid care you have given mine," and he watched Heinroth leave.

As Heinroth walked home he tho't of nothing but the 'cello, and spent a restless night. Never would he touch another 'cello, never would he go where he must listen to music. When morning came, he set out to notify Hotel Stuart's manager of his quitting the orchestra. He walked toward the hotel thru' a busy part of the city amongst a throng of workers on the way to their jobs. Just as the side-walks were crowded with those afoot, so were the streets filled with motor cars. Suddenly the shrill siren of an ambulance pierced the air. In an instant the center of the wide street was cleared and the long, white car sped thru'. The crowd of pedestrians, going in the same direction, walked faster, their steps urged by curiosity. Heinroth was carried with the crowd and pushed thru' to the front where several men were bending over a limp figure. Heinroth caught only a glimpse of the injured man, but needed no more.

"Stand back, mister, you'll be gettin' in the way," a great policeman soared above him. "Is he hurt? I say he is, more than that! It isn't any ambulance we need here, it's a dead-wagon. Oh, he's dead, alright. Wasn't lookin' where he was goin' and a car knocked him over."

Heinroth stood for a moment at the curb and watched them carry away the body of Charles Moritz. He was filled with an unusual emotion and the blood thumped in his temples as he turned toward Hotel Savoy.

—Beth Winter.

At the Palace of the Legion of Honor

Soft, at the vesper hour,
Floods of mellow music
Fill the length of white, cool hall.
Fine phrases of a tone-poem,
Woven in notes of blended hues,
Spun by the touch of master hands
On black and ivory keys.
Two fountains drip to softly colored tiles,
The sound of their dripping unheard
Because of other music.
Far along the walls
Hang painted dreams of men long gone.
People stand, and look, and listen
Rising on the irised wings of art,
Beyond and above the ordinary.
Their resting thoughts soar up
To mingle with the lute-like notes of the organ.

—Beth Winter.

Second Prize Poem

Beauty

Over the brim of dawn she comes,
 Draped with jeweled cobwebs
 And the spun gold of sunshine.
 She dances on mountains
 Of opal splendour.
 She smiles through trees
 Of misty pink glow
 And foamy white.
 She hides in fields
 Of jade and saffron.
 Always she is laughing silently,
 And silent is she
 Save to those who will and see.
 She kisses the lace
 Of butterfly wings.
 She twinkles through the dew,
 The tears of night.
 But sad and wistful she lingers,
 Watching the world groping,
 Hearing it crying,
 "I cannot see!

I am blind! I am blind!"

—Mildred Scammon.

Vesper Day

From the hilltops, looking downward
 To the peaceful vale below,
 I can see the frail lights glimmer
 In the sunset's afterglow.

Twinkling, shining in the half-light,
 As the stars above appear,
 They seem to mirror heaven's candles,
 Bringing paradise more near.

Purple grey the distant mountains,
 With their settings rose and blue,
 Are silhouetted on the sky line
 As the slow moon comes to view.

Comes the wind now, faintly breathing,
 Barely stirring tree tops tall;
 And the calm of sleep and rest-time
 As a cloak enfolds us all.

—Alice Marie Byington.

He Who Was King

For years the moose has plied his way
Warily along
Through virgin timber trails beneath firboughs
Where the song
Of the wild bird is the only sound
That breaks the silent strain;
And the big bull moose has been the king
Of this vast domain.

Many times the hunter has been
Dangerously near,
But always guided by some strange
Inherent sense of fear,
The antlered beast has foiled each trophy-seeker's
Mad desire,
And raced to safety with his broad-set eyes
Reflecting fire.

But now into his haunts the red-skin
Hunter has been led,
And stalks in trim canoe the monarch
Of the towering head.
With figure bold in the sun's red gleam
As twilight shadows fall,
The giant moose, so long supreme,
'Ere day is done shall fall.

—Donald McDonell.

Outcast

He lolls on the white sands, in the hot, tropical sun,
A man yellow with fever, whom the devil has won;
The devil, I say, for he is a fiend for drink,
An outcast stoically waiting for eternity's brink—
A derelict amongst men!

He sees the long line of surf go roaring up the beach;
From the myriad-shaded jungle he hears the parrot screech—
For in him an artist's soul glows dim,
Though seared with the tattoo marks of sin—
Outcast from the world of men!

—Kenneth W. Parker.

War

Four sly, scheming diplomats, seated in the hotel lobby of a capital city. Planning, plotting, striving, scheming for war. Intrigues, plots, assassinations, conspiracies. Visions of fertile lands, gleaming wealth, added glory.

Four strong, militant generals, seated in the national barracks. Mapping every route, planning each advance, ordering all supplies. Drilling, training, marching.

Four young boys, comrades—college boys. Tall, strong, healthy lads. Laughing, joking, jesting as they march bravely away.

Four gray-haired mothers. Loving, adoring mothers, who weep and cling to their boys when they leave, and then turn homeward with brave, trusting faces. Foolish mothers to love their boys so much.

* * * * *

There are rows and rows of blurred faces. And miles and miles of khaki uniforms. And guns and guns shouldered with frightful military precision.

Dark clouds—war clouds. And a steady booming of guns, and a flashing of fire and the bursting of distant bombs.

A war field covered with bleeding, mutilated bodies—dying young soldier boys.

The sky is black with smoke, and the horizon is etched with the red flames of a burning town.

And there are crowds of homeless, destitute, war-tired people. Running, hurrying, hustling, gathering their baggage, bidding their homes farewell. Fleeing from the oncoming foe.

And there are many towns burned to the ground. And there are many lands laid waste and barren by shot and shell.

And after a long time—a very long, weary time—there are loud shouts, glorious shouts, heartbreaking with their intense joyfulness.

PEACE!

* * * * *

Four sly, greedy self-satisfied diplomats in a busy hotel lobby. Rubbing their hands in self-satisfaction. Nudging themselves with sly winks. Dividing the spoils, settling the claims. Heartless men. Successful men.

The war-scarred generals in a half-shattered town. Proud, happy, victorious, and covered with colorful decorations. False honors, which cannot hide an aching longing—only three generals remain.

One lone soldier boy with a sad, boyish smile on his lips, and a slight gleam as if of tears in his eyes. No more will he march so gladly and proudly, for his left leg is gone. No longer will he quickly shoulder his gun, for his right arm hangs lifeless at his side. Another soldier boy also returned—a babbling, shell-shocked idiot, who mumbles inarticulately of mother and home.

Two mothers embracing two shattered bits of humanity, and thanking God for giving them that much. And the other two soldier boys are gone. And their mothers are heart broken, inconsolable. Foolish mothers to miss their sons so much.

War.

—Alice Jorgensen.

Miss Beautiful

Tony was a bootblack on the ferry that crossed San Francisco Bay between San Francisco and Oakland. His short, uniformed figure and dark-skinned grave face were quite familiar to the commuters. For five years Tony had been a bootblack on that ferry—ever since he came over from Italy when he was fifteen. Those had been five dreary years for Tony—five years of the endless monotony of shining shoes. He had no friends, except an uncle, also a bootblack, with whom he lived. He had never learned to speak English well, for he seldom spoke to anyone save the Italian friends of his uncle. He had few interests in life, for the hundreds of commuters whom he saw daily interested him little—with the exception of Miss Beautiful.

Miss Beautiful was different. Tony had picked out that name for her himself, not knowing her real name. The name suited her, he thought, for he had chosen it for her after long deliberation. To any other person she would have seemed just the same as many of the other young stenographers who daily crossed the bay, except that she was a trifle better looking. But to Tony she was as different from the other commuters as a goddess is different from ordinary mortals. She was small and graceful, with fine features and blue eyes always brimful of joy. When she smiled, her rosy cheeks dimpled, and her curved lips parted to show white, even teeth. Tony loved to watch her walk down the gangway with her quick, light step. She always smiled when she signaled for him to shine her shoes, and Tony grew to wait for that smile. He liked to shine her small, dainty shoes, and he always spent a little more time than necessary on them.

As the months passed, Tony adored Miss Beautiful more and more. He watched for her every morning on the 7:20 when she crossed to San Francisco, and every afternoon on the 5:20 when she returned to Oakland.

One day, while he was shining her shoes, he became brave enough to remark:

"Nica day."

"Yes," Miss Beautiful replied, "the bay is just lovely today."

Tony thrilled at the richness of her voice. After that he spoke to her every time he shined her shoes, although his conversations were usually brief.

One morning Tony noticed that Miss Beautiful was even gayer than usual. She was smiling to herself as she sat looking out of the window of the boat. When Tony passed down the aisle, she motioned to him for a shine. As he placed his box before her, he noticed that the third finger of her left hand, heretofore unadorned, now displayed a diamond ring. And such a ring! Never before had Tony seen such a gorgeous setting. It must have cost hundreds of dollars, he thought with a gasp. Then he noticed that Miss Beautiful had seen him stare at her ring and was smiling embarrassedly. Tony reddened and hastily began shining her shoes.

For the rest of the day Tony experienced mixed emotions. He had always regarded Miss Beautiful as a goddess, far above him; therefore he was not really jealous. But he felt a bitter hatred toward

Fate, who had made him a lowly bootblack, unworthy of beautiful girls. Another thought struck him with forebodings.

"Married ladies don't commute," he sighed. "Then I won't see my beautiful lady no more."

One Sunday Tony saw Miss Beautiful on the boat with the giver of the ring. He was tall, manly, and handsome, with clean-cut features and gray eyes. To all appearances he was very wealthy and very much in love with Miss Beautiful.

After that Tony felt more at ease with Miss Beautiful. He talked to her constantly in his broken English while he shined her shoes. She did not know that she had the distinction of being the only commuter to whom Tony spoke. He learned that she was a stenographer for the McFadden Co., wholesalers, on Market street.

About a month after Miss Beautiful's appearance with the diamond ring, Tony noticed a change come over her. She seemed to have become sad and unhappy. Tony often saw her gaze wistfully at her ring and then sigh. He feared that all was not well between her and her handsome lover.

One Monday morning, while Tony was shining Miss Beautiful's shoes, he noticed that her ring was gone! He was far more astounded now than he had been the morning when he first saw it. He could see that Miss Beautiful had been crying, and while he was shining her shoes, she was hastily writing something on a sheet of paper and biting her lip to keep the tears back.

Tony's heart was filled with sorrow. Had Miss Beautiful been deceived by her handsome lover? It seemed impossible that anyone could be cruel to her.

Tony watched Miss Beautiful slowly leave the boat. She lingered a while by the rail as the boat approached the ferry slip. Suddenly she reached in her purse, took out a sheet of paper, crumpled it up, and tossed it over the rail. Without looking back she hurried away. But the paper did not go overboard, for it was caught by the strong breeze and blown back over the rail to the deck of the boat. Miss Beautiful was already lost from sight among the passengers going up the gangway.

Tony grabbed the paper before it blew away again. It was the very sheet on which Miss Beautiful was writing while he shined her shoes! Tony put it in his pocket and resolved to return it to her that afternoon. Yet all day long he felt the desire to read the letter, for he felt that it contained the cause of Miss Beautiful's unhappiness. Finally his curiosity got the best of him. He took the paper out of his pocket and slowly deciphered the following:

"Dear Donald,

"I suppose you are still wondering why I broke off our engagement last night without giving you an explanation. I really loved you, Don, but I came to realize that our engagement was a great mistake. I should never have accepted you, but I was so flattered when you, the boss' son, first began paying attention to me that I thought I could conquer any obstacle. When we first were engaged I was very happy, but after about a month I came to my senses and realized that I, Cora Landis, daughter of a day-laborer, could never marry you, Donald McFadden, the only

son of a rich family. I told you that before we were engaged, but you would not listen. That is why I would not tell you my reason for breaking off our engagement.

"Oh, Don, I thought I would be so brave and break off our engagement for your sake. But now that it is all over, I feel as though I can never forget. But what hurts me worst of all, is that you think I had just grown tired of you. Oh, Don, I still love you, and I want you to know it, but I am afraid that if you knew it you would come back and I would not be strong enough to send you away again. Maybe it would be best if you would never know how much I really love you, Don—"

Here the letter stopped abruptly. Tony never returned the crumpled letter to Miss Beautiful. He kept it in his pocket and carried it with him like a weight on his heart. Day by day he watched Miss Beautiful grow sadder and sadder. Her eyes lost their sparkle; her cheeks seldom dimpled now. She rarely spoke to Tony, except once when she told him that she had quit her former position and was working in a bank.

One evening after work Tony was walking up Market street looking in the windows of the various dairy lunches. As he approached the States Restaurant he saw a green sport roadster draw up to the curb and saw Miss Beautiful's lover step out on the sidewalk. Yes, unmistakably, it was Donald. Tony watched him enter the restaurant. He felt in his pocket. The letter was still there. Maybe he could help Miss Beautiful, and bring back her happiness once more. For surely Miss Beautiful would never be happy without Donald. He placed the now soiled letter on the seat of the roadster and hastily walked away.

The next morning Tony watched from the upper deck for Miss Beautiful. There she was, walking down the gangway like her old self, so lively and gay. Later, as Tony shined her shoes he saw the diamond ring again sparkling on the third finger of her left hand.

Two weeks later, on a Sunday, Tony saw Miss Beautiful and Donald on the boat. They both had their shoes shined and talked happily all the while. The boat approached the slip as Tony finished. Miss Beautiful smiled at him and said:

"Well, Tony, I don't think I'll see you very often after this, I resigned my position yesterday."

"Don't leave out the most important part, Cora," said Donald, teasingly. "Tony, since you seem to be such a good friend, I'll tell you a secret. Next Sunday Miss Landis and I are going to be married."

Perhaps Donald and Cora wondered why Tony did not look at all surprised, but busied himself with his brushes in order to conceal the smile on his lips.

Tony watched Miss Beautiful walk down the aisle with Donald. His heart filled with joy to think that he had helped her with her romance. At the door, she turned, and seeking the little bootblack still watching her, she waved a dainty, gloved hand.

And that was the last time Tony ever saw Miss Beautiful.

—Martha Hanegress

Daybreak

First the silent darkness,
Then an hour of calm, cool grey;
And, heralded by a pale, soft light,
The sun spread out its ray.
With hat in hand I hailed
As nature's beauties were unveiled.
Day was dawning.

Down from the highest crags
The mellow morning light descended
Into the deepest valleys
Where the cold, harsh night was ended.
I saw the dawn pierce darkness
As if with some sharp knife,
Then turned—inspired—and lapsed again
Into mortal life.
I had seen the dawn.

—Donald McDonnell.

A Lone Camp at Night

Were you ever out in a world of space,
Camped 'neath the trees and the sky
Without a pal, when night closes in,
And you hear the hoot-owl's cry?

The trees are strange in the deep-shaded night,
And the brook has changed its tune;
Over a rough, jagged mountain top
Comes the edge of the rising moon.

The timber wolf howls to his waiting mate,
And the rabbit thumps the ground,
While the moon climbs higher and higher,
And the night bird hovers around.

Have you sat by the dampered fire
As men have done before,
And felt the urge of nature's life—
To live, really live, once more?

—Donald Cordray.

People and Flowers

Rowena Rose

While I was watering my flower garden last evening a misty, veil-like thought floated over me by which I was led from this material, realistic earth into a visionary and imaginary world wherein flowers were like people, with types and personalities, leading successful or broken lives. Oh, how the flower world resembles my world, I thought, noticing old-fashioned sweet williams gathered into quaint, little villages and thousands of sweet-peas living in one big city. I wondered how many types, successes and tragedies I would find in flower land. As I was giving the zinnias a drink of cool water, a bright, cerise one caught my eye. It stood up stiff and straight above the others, and seemed to say, "Look at me, for I'm important." This flower reminded me of a self-satisfied, egotistic, and aristocratic person, the kind who is stiff and formal with a manner of calling attention to himself.

As the zinnias seemed so scornful, I passed on to another bed of flowers. Hundreds of delicate violet heads were peeping shyly from the masses of green leaves. Many of them were bowed as if with grief, but I think it was sheer bashfulness or modesty. Others looked up at me with eager faces as if expecting to be picked. Perhaps they wanted to show of how much use they could be to the world. Never mind, little violet, if you cannot go to cheer a sick friend, for you are making this corner of the earth sweeter with your fragrance. There are people very much like you, little violet, who are always striving to make others happier, yet who will take no credit for the work because of their modesty. For them, happiness lies in the task, not the reward. Their personalities are as sweet as the violet's perfume, I thought as I reluctantly turned to refresh some thirsty, wax-white lilies.

In these flowers, which I merely supposed were thirsty, for they seemed too proud to give any signs of needing aid, I found another type. To some extent, they resembled the violets by giving the impression of purity and innocence, yet an atmosphere of aloofness and formality seemed to envelop them. Nevertheless, they were not stiff and self-satisfied as the zinnias had been. With heads held high, the lilies appeared as haughty kings and queens. How graceful and beautiful they are, I thought, yet how insignificant in giving happiness to the world. The beauty of those proud flowers as well as of individuals will soon be forgotten, while the delicate fragrance of the violets and the sweet personalities of violet-like people will always be remembered.

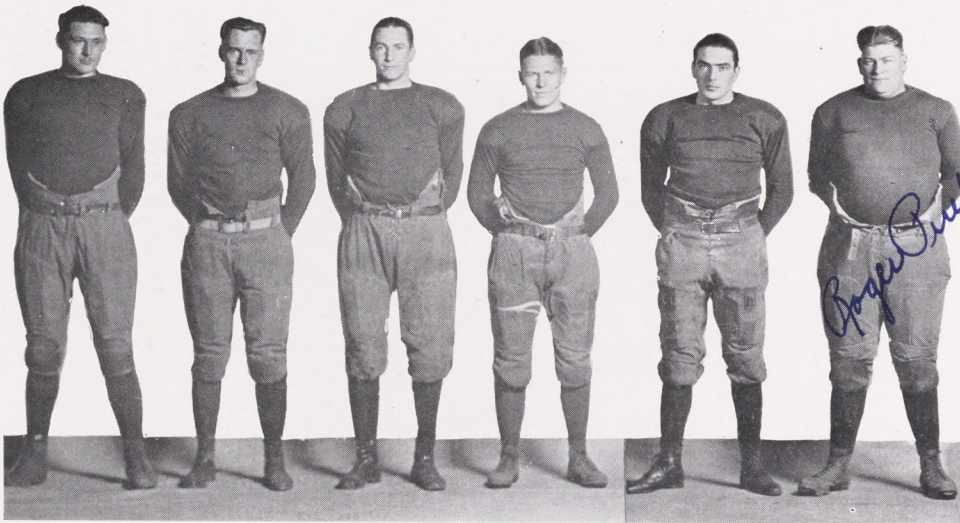
With such thoughts I turned to marvel at a glowing, radiant scene of beautiful rambler roses. Slowly the image of an aloof, proud personality called to my mind by the lilies faded, and in its place I saw a sociable, confidential, and care-free individual surrounded by his

quickly made friends. This type is similar to the roses which nodded merrily to each other in the last rays of the sunshine, and seemed to welcome me with smiles as I approached them.

Aside from these similarities there is the likeness of the blooming of flowers to the lives and success of people. Many flowers bloom overnight; yet, within a day they are faded and gone. So it is with the success obtained by some people. On the other hand, there are flowers which bloom slowly, reach full maturity, and last for many days; and, like them, some people obtain enduring success. Again we may find traces of tragedy in both worlds. An individual crushed and beaten down by the harshness of life just as the pansy bows its head when pelted by the heavy rain or choked by those ugly weeds. Upon looking at the weeds, the beautiful thought vanished, but the visionary picture it gave to me will remain forever. So, we find the flower world of the garden filled with many types of flowers which may be likened to people (in our world) each having his own characteristics, and successful or tragic lives, I mused as I watered a pretty rosebud just beginning to burst into a full-bloom blossom.







Left to right: Bunyan, lg; Heiss, rt; Stedman, lt; Holland, lh; Schilling, c; Perelli-Minetti, rg.

Football

When school opened in September, everyone looked forward to an athletic year that would stand out, not only in the accomplishments of the Cub athletic teams, but as the beginning of a year of closed unity between students and players.

It is to be admitted that the record of the football team was anything but impressive, from the scoreboard point of view, but it is to be remembered that we were playing a schedule that included larger and older schools than our own, a schedule which kept our team always on the "up grade."

A sizable bunch of athletes reported to Coach "Red" Tauzer for practice a few short weeks before the opening of the Conference. With what time he had, Tauzer selected his squad and began active training. But few men were held over from last year's squad with which to form the nucleus of the 1925-26 eleven; but, with former high school stars reporting for practice, the team was rounded into form for the first Conference game.



The team was captained by Marion Ratcliffe, a veteran on the team, who, playing his last year for the Cubs, played a game at end that was effective both in offense and defense.

Following is the season's record:

Cubs 0.....	San Jose 21
Cubs 0.....	Chico 45
Cubs 7.....	San Mateo 42
Cubs 0.....	Sacramento 7
Cubs 0.....	Modesto 12



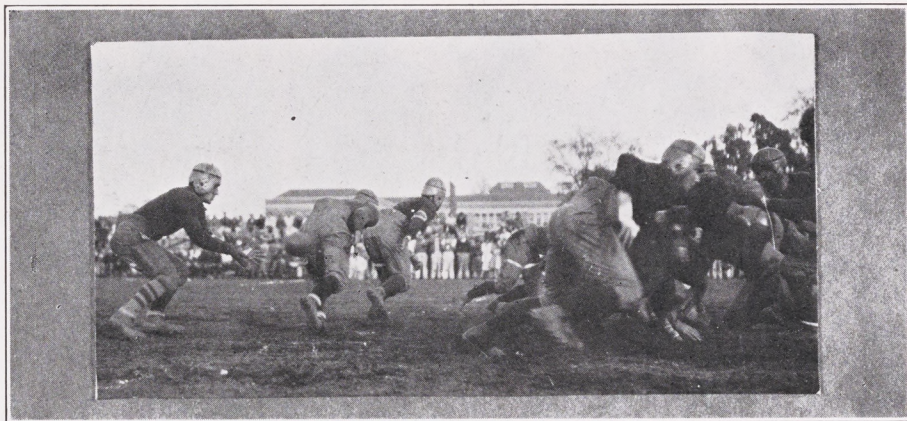
Left to right: Silveira, rh; Talbot, lh; Adams, lh; DeMeo, e; Farquar, rh.

SAN JOSE STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE—OCTOBER 10

In the first game of the season the Cubs hit a snag in the form of the San Jose State Teachers' College, when the Teachers won a rough game 21 to 0. The respective strength of the two teams can be easily seen when it is known that Santa Rosa made eight first downs against one for San Jose. San Jose was penalized over 200 yards for off-side and for clipping from behind. Stedman, right tackle, Fred Farquar and Toney were stars of the game. Stedman went through the Teachers' line time after time to throw them for losses, while Farquar and Toney played a strong offensive game, carrying the pigskin for gains that added greatly to the Cub's total yardage.

CHICO STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE—OCTOBER 16

This was the first of two games to be played on the home gridiron. Chico came to Santa Rosa preceded by an exceptionally strong football record, which classed the men as a strong, clean-fighting team. To this effect the Cubs were fully convinced when the smoke of the battle had cleared. Chico scored in the first five minutes of play, but failed to convert. Here the contest became a real football game with the ball moving up and down the field toward an uncertain destination. As the second quarter neared its close, Chico carried the ball over the line on two occasions. Only one touchdown, however, was converted, which made the score at half time, 19 to 0 in Chico's favor. Opening the second half, Chico started a passing game that completely bewildered the Cubs. By playing a superior game of ball, the opposition was able to push over two touchdowns in each of the last two quarters. Kenneth Thompson played a wonderful game at center. He went through the Chico line with a regularity that nearly became a "habit." Joe Mannix played left tackle with two broken fingers, which did not seem to hinder him in playing a whirlwind defensive game.

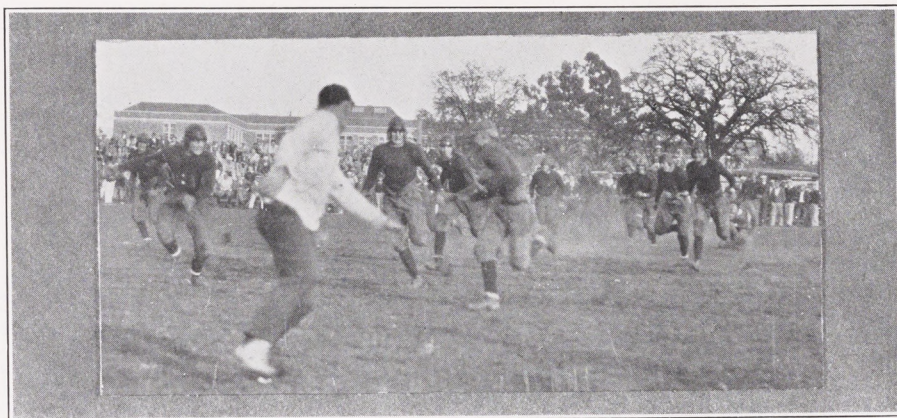


SAN MATEO JUNIOR COLLEGE—OCTOBER 24

Through two Santa Rosa fumbles, in the first few minutes of play, San Mateo scored twice, amassing enough points to put the game on "ice", even if the Cubs had staged an early rally. McCormick and Farquar carried the ball down the field in the third quarter for the Cubs' only goal. Just before the ball went over the line, Farquar was taken out of the game with an injured ankle. This contest played havoc with the Blue and Gold players. Mannix, playing a hard game at guard, was kicked in the head and had to be removed to a hospital, where it was found that he had concussion of the brain and a broken nose. Perelli-Minetti and Thompson were the mainstays in the line, as was "Chick" Holland in the backfield.

SACRAMENTO JUNIOR COLLEGE—NOVEMBER 6

This game was probably the best the Cubs played during the entire Conference schedule. Up to the final quarter, when the Solons made a touchdown via the intercepted pass route, the game could easily have been in the Cubs' favor. Santa Rosa held the advantage for the first three quarters, but lacked the needed punch to put the ball over the chalk line. Both teams came within 20 yards of a goal on several scoring attempts, but lost the ball on downs. In the last quarter, an intercepted pass by the Sacramento men on their own 40 yard line gave them their opportunity to make a touchdown. They carried the ball to the Cubs' 15 yard line and scored from there on four line bucks. The interception came after Santa Rosa had advanced down the field and had had every chance of scoring in her favor. Coach Tauzer's men had shown marked improvement in this game over their previous contests, as evidenced by the fact that Sacramento had held the strong Chico eleven to a 6 to 3 score the week previous.



MODESTO JUNIOR COLLEGE—NOVEMBER 14

Playing on a slow, slippery field, the Cubs lost their last Conference game to Modesto, 12 to 0. The Cubs held the advantage in the first three quarters, but Modesto, by the aid of end runs, slipped over for a touchdown. The head linesman claimed afterwards that the Modesto man had crawled over the line after the whistle had blown, but it was too late for the referee to change his decision. Modesto's second score came just before the final whistle when the ball was carried down the field in successive line charges. Santa Rosa played a good aerial game, which resulted in six first downs from forward passes. Only once did the Cub team gain a first down by bucking the line. The passing of "Shorty" Talbot and the receiving of Captain Ratcliffe featured the game.

Although the Cubs went through the season without a victory, Coach Tauzer was well satisfied with the showing they made against the heavier and more experienced teams.



Top row, left to right: Cleek, f; Wright, f; Leavensaler, f. Middle row: Malory, f; Tauzer, coach; Waters, mgr; Blodgett, c. Botton row: Gutcher, c; Stedman, g; McCormick, g; Gracin, f; Grace, c.

Basketball

Although S. R. J. C. did not win the Conference basketball title, the season was a decided success. After getting off on a poor start Santa Rosa won enough games to end the season in the first division.

The scores of the Conference games were:

San Jose 32.....	S. R. J. C. 20
San Jose 28.....	S. R. J. C. 29
Sacramento 30.....	S. R. J. C. 24
Sacramento 19.....	S. R. J. C. 20
San Mateo 20.....	S. R. J. C. 33
San Mateo 29.....	S. R. J. C. 31
Chico 30.....	S. R. J. C. 16
Chico 43.....	S. R. J. C. 20
Modesto 24.....	S. R. J. C. 15
Modesto 43.....	S. R. J. C. 17

The team, consisting of McCormick, Sullivan, Blodgett, Gracin, Grace, Stedman, Wright, Cleek, Leavensaler and DeMeo, played an excellent style of game throughout the entire season. Much credit should also be given to Clarence "Red" Tauzer, who ably acted as coach.

SAN JOSE—JANUARY 29, 1926

San Jose took advantage of their home court to pile up an early lead on Tauzer's boys. The final score was 32-20.

SACRAMENTO—FEBRUARY 5

Sacramento was forced to fight their hardest to win on their own court, 30-24.

SACRAMENTO—FEBRUARY 6

J. C.'s first Conference victory was a thriller, a last minute goal winning the game, 20-19.

CHICO STATE—FEBRUARY 12

The Cubs were simply outclassed, being held to three field goals.

CHICO STATE—FEBRUARY 13

Chico easily won the second game, 43 to 20. Gracin and Blodgett played a good game.

SAN JOSE—FEBRUARY 16

J. C. avenged her earlier defeat by winning a hard-fought game, 29-18. Sullivan was the star of the game.

SAN MATEO—FEBRUARY 20

San Mateo was easier than expected. Good shooting by Grace and Sullivan enabled J. C. to win, 33-20.

SAN MATEO—FEBRUARY 21

San Mateo was determined to win, but fell shy by two points. J. C. overcame a two point lead at half time to win, 31-29.

MODESTO—FEBRUARY 26

Modesto was the Cubs' stumbling block, as it was for every other school in the Conference. However, J. C. held them to their lowest score of the season, 24-15.

MODESTO—FEBRUARY 27

The Modesto forwards went wild, piling up a 43-17 score off Santa Rosa.

Boss McCornick



Top row, left to right: Mgr. Waters; Sullivan, 1b; Weatherington, outfield; Clymo, p; Braun 3b. Lower row: Stedman, outfield; Cuneo, outfield; McCornick, captain and catcher; Gracin, ss; Talbot 2b.

Baseball

Although the Junior College baseball team was not entered in the Junior College Baseball Conference, it nevertheless enjoyed a successful year.

The Cubs were victorious in three of their five attempts, one of the losing games being against the Seal Rookies.

J. C.—9. S. R. H. S.—7

The first game of the season was against the Santa Rosa High School. Both teams had practiced but little, so several errors were made to offset the good pitching. The Cubs came out on the heavy side of a 7 to 9 score.

J. C.—3. Analy High—5

In the next game the Cubs continued with their errors, with the result that they lost to Analy 5 to 3. The game was a good one, Analy winning out in the last few innings of play.

J. C.—8. Analy High—2

In the return game with Analy the Junior College team buckled up and played nearly errorless ball, which, behind good pitching, enabled them easily to win 8 to 2.

J. C.—2. Seal Rookies—12

The worst defeat of the season was suffered at the hands of the Seal Rookies at Boyes' Springs. However, the Cubs looked good in

defeat, as the Seal's team was composed of the best semi-pro players along the Pacific Coast. The final score of the game was 12 to 2.

This year's team was captained by Hubert "Bus" McCormick, who made a splendid showing, not only in management, but in his stellar playing behind the bat.

The lineup for the team was: Clymo, p; "Bus" McCormick, c; V. Sullivan, 1b; "Shorty" Talbot, 2b; W. Braun, 3b; V. Gracin, ss; "Bob" Stedman, Joe Cuneo and C. DeMeo, outfielders. The utility players consisted of Cleek, Weatherington, and Silveira.

Track

Although the J. C. track team had no coach, a team was turned out that proved to be a winner.

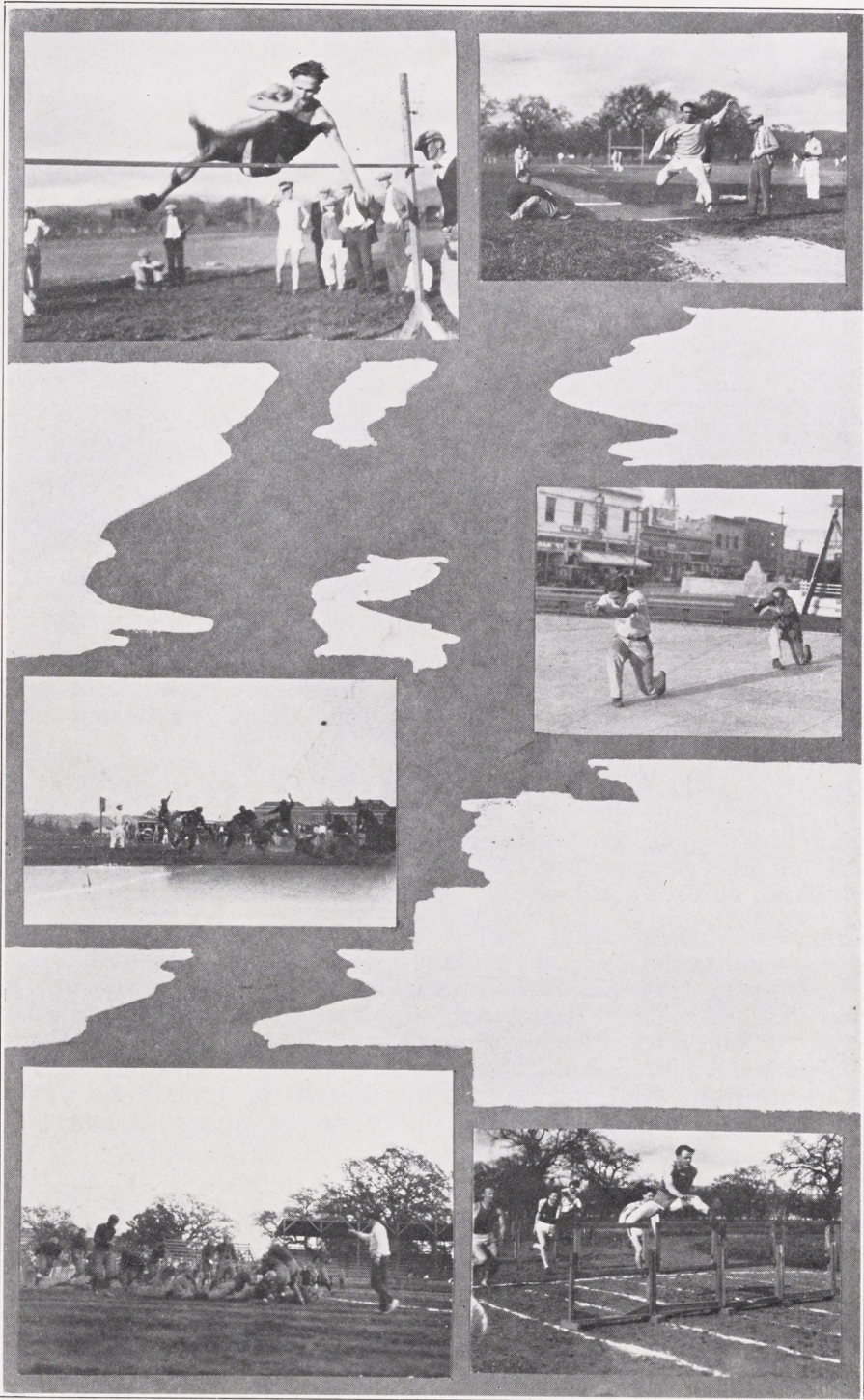
The team participated in three meets this season and made a good showing in all of them.

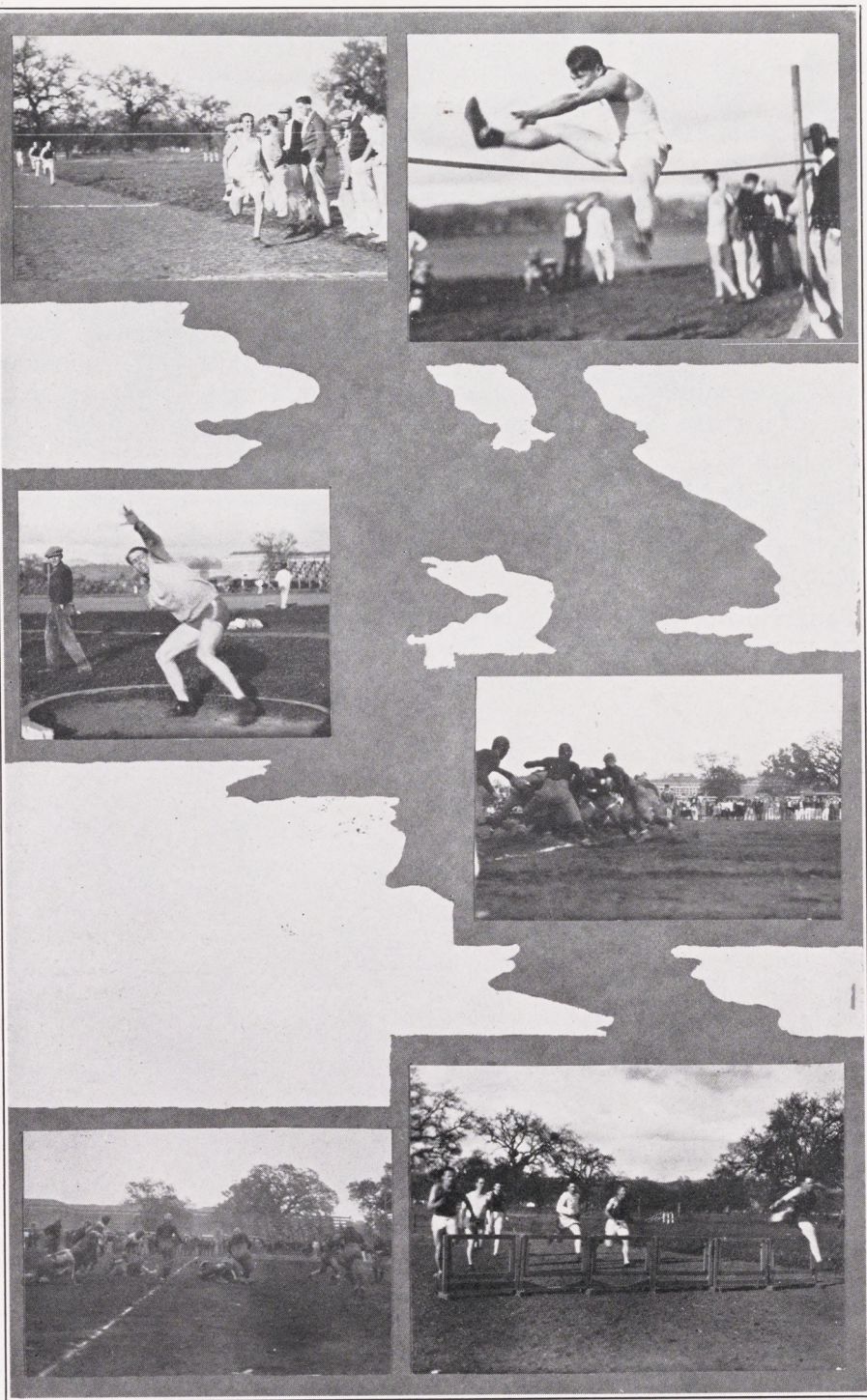
The first meet was with the Santa Rosa High School. The Cub team won easily, 72 to 59.

The next meet was with Petaluma High School. Petaluma won, 85 to 46, but the score does not sound impressive when it is known that the J. C. team consisted of but four men. Each man made an average of 11 1-2 points.

The final meet was the California Coast Conference meet at Modesto. Talbot was the only point maker for the Cubs. He placed second in the high hurdles and fourth in the low hurdles, making a total of four points. The team that was sent to this meet consisted of Holland, Niles, Talbot, Swain, Austin, Schilling, Bolton and Merritt.

This year's track team consisted of the following: 100 and 200 yard dashes, Silveira and Adams; 440 yard dash, Holland and Parker; 880 yard run, Holland, Swain and Bolton; Mile run, Bolton and Swain; High Hurdles, Niles, Austin and Talbot; Low hurdles, Holland, Austin, Talbot and Adams; High jump, Niles, Talbot, Richardson and Austin; Broad jump, Talbot and Richardson; Pole vault, Swain and Richardson; Shot put and discus, Merritt and Schilling; Javelin, Grace; Relay team, Holland, Silveira, Talbot, Swain and Adams.





Athletic Management

This year's athletic management required but two managers, Murray Watters, student body manager, and Tom Keating, track manager.

This year the management was handled in a very efficient and capable manner, Watters taking personal charge of football, basketball and baseball, while Keating had charge of the track.

Although there was no coach for baseball or track, these men traveled with the teams and made all the arrangements for the various games and meets.

The girls' athletics were under the direction of Miss Lucille Freedman, who filled her position in an efficient manner.

Football was coached by Clarence "Red" Tauzer, and he was assisted by Dobbins. These two men, although not of the regular faculty, put all they had into making the team a success. Their efforts are deeply appreciated both by the team and by the student body.

Tauzer also acted as coach for the basketball squad. His work here was a great success, as he turned out one of the best teams that S. R. J. C. has ever had.



B. H. Forsyth - '24 ~~XX~~; $\Phi \Delta X$ - "Z" U.C. - '26.
 Handwritten Jack Δ ? S.A.T. - P.S.E.
 Autographs

C. Haentgens

Catherine L. Field

Clara K. Waters

Joseph Cuno
 Little Joe

Sonoma Isabet.

Ethel M. Struther

Phibe Struckmeyer

Marquitta G. J. J. J.

Peta Perka

Marjorie M. Dunton

Freda H. Conzig

Grace Hahn

Walter Chester

E.C. By.

Karin Nilsen

Kesley Goodwin

くになかの

Quile Stevard

Kesley Goodwin

H.M. Boandow - "Herbie" '23

Ray Harrington





Poets Lament

I've often dreamed I'd like to have
 My name upon the Wall of Fame
 Among the poets of the past,
 Who, in the world, have won a name.
 I've built air-castles in my dreams
 Of sitting on some balmy shore
 With pen and parchment in my hand.
 And on that parchment I would pour
 Such grand and glorious lines of verse,
 That e'en the beating, lashing waves
 Would cease their deep and restless roar,
 And cower down like captive knaves.
 Those lines, as gentle evening bells
 Chimed forth, so musical and sweet,
 As I would proudly quote thee o'er,
 Each time more lovely to repeat.

Alas! on waking from my dreams,
 I've hurried to some still retreat,
 And sitting there, bound as by spell,
 I've tried, on paper, to repeat
 Those gentle, sweet, enchanting lines
 That in my dreams had charmed me so.
 But with a sad and heavy heart,
 With lonesomeness I've had to go
 Back to the busy world of care
 With the assurance in my heart,
 That only in my dreamland life
 Would ever I be set apart
 To grace the Wall of Fame.

—Gertrude Smith, '26.

College Boy

(Apologies to Whittier, and the Barefoot Boy).

Blessing on thee, little man,
 College boy with shoes of tan,
 With thy "baggy" pantaloons
 And thy "jazzy" whistled tunes;
 With thy slick hair, slicker still
 Made by pomade at thy will;
 And the blank look on thy face
 Shows thee for a hopeless case.
 From my heart I give thee joy,—
 I was once a College Boy!

—"Bob" Stedman, '27.

When I Have Crossed the Bar

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

High School and Junior College,
There I begin to flunk;
And may no English page bedeck
My "Ship of Life," or I'll be sunk.

But only such subjects as are snaps,
Requiring no thought or mind.
A few like Physical Ed.—Dunce caps
Aren't worn in classes of that kind.

One semester in a college cell,
And after that I'm out.
There'll be some sadness of farewell
When I depart, no doubt.

For though from out this college fair
The F's may drive me far,
I hope to find no English there,
When I have crossed the bar.
—"Bob" Stedman, '27.

Freshman Mid-Term Resolution

My pillow was cold without me last night!
While pondering hard at my toil,
I found myself in a terrible plight,
As I burned the midnight oil.

I vowed by the last dim star in the east
That never would this same soil,
Find THIS poor human being, at least,
Burning the midnight oil.
—Don McDonell, '27.

Sylvia

The stars that nightly twinkle in the skies
Have never seemed as bright as Sylvia's eyes.
Her curling hair, of golden meshes spun,
The hearts of many am'rous lords has won.
Her voice is low and sweet e'en as the breeze
Which softly murmurs in the leafy trees.
And, by her charming face each man, struck blind,
Surmises not the vacuum in her mind.

—Martha Hanegress.



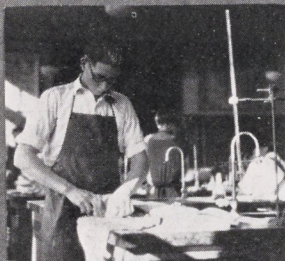
A
Doorway
and
Shadows
"/



your excused for the game?



Hic vir est? *A.C. Reynolds*



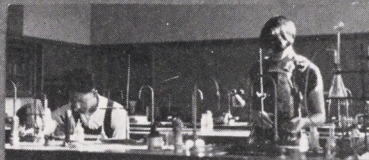
— the Unknowns —



A Blum in Botany.



"Matt" — "Phil"



Cordray likes "Chem."?



Just a good bunch of boys.



A
student
on
the
steps
"/



Ndon!

That
good
'44"
"!"

How many?

Call
for
Perry
"!"

Kunt!



Don-when?



Love Nest.



Four Horsemen-



Hersh!

this
can't
be
right
"!"
Hired
B.S.
"!"Our Rocky Mt.
Champion.
"!"

Further Drowsy Dell Annals

Editor's Note: Urged on by the incessant flow of letters asking that we record some further incidents from the adventures of Jeremiah Snoopinggrass, our research editor delved more deeply into the notebook of that famous philosopher and sage. As a reward for his indefatigable labors, our clever archeologist has unearthed the two following annals:

The Drowsy Dell Fire Department

I chronicle this incident of yesteryear, not in criticism of Drowsy Dell's Fire Department, for I am not given to the criticism of purely volunteer services, but because to me the occasion afforded a few moments of delightful amusement.

It was with a sensation of hilarition that we evaded the yearning hand of our school master upon that day. Time was hanging heavily on our hands. Suddenly the sonorous clang of the "warning bell" in the town square reached us. Ah! some excitement at last! Soon the ominous clatter of hoofs in the village street announced a fire. Around the corner dashed the "fiery" steeds, the hose cart reeling madly behind. They passed us and tore down the street (which was later rebuilt by assent of our goodly magistrate). The street before them parted to make way; the wake behind them filled with inquisitive spectators.

The bell continued its portentuous cry, while horses in the hitching yard stomped nervously. At last the wagon checked its gait and drew up before a humble abode. An eager crowd quickly assembled as the firemen donned their boots and hats. Sharp cries of command arose above the din of the onlookers' questions. On the eaves of the house before us a few leaves crackled merrily. On the eve of the night before, the man at the hose must have been far from where the cheerful blazes played at his lonesome fireside. For, as the firemen bent to the pump, the water rose high and straight, but in the wrong direction. Out over the crowd, torrents poured. Loud peals of laughter rose from the fortunate section of the audience. Finally the proper angle of elevation was attained, and the merry flames were put to death. The crowd slowly dispersed, believing the spectacle over. But new hopes arrived. Not being satisfied with merely extinguishing the blaze, the firemen tore the shingles from the roof and inserted the hose therein. After several minutes, they decided that the house was thoroughly cleansed and ceased operations. Victorious and unabashed, they set forth in quest of new fields to conquer!

With a discussion at the Millionaires' Club upon the adequacy of our Fire Department, the day ended. So to home and to relate!

Loves Labor Lost

(From the chronicles of the late Jeremiah Snoopingrass).

A parody's at best an odious thing;
But, heav'nly Muse, since thou wouldst urge me sing
Of dire premonitions and their end,
Be thou my aide; my punishment forfend
Lest these black words should cause unwonted shock
Unto the throne of him they dare to mock.

Long had the night her sable banners furled;
Now velvet plains with dews were silver-pearled,
Cool breathed the river-shore with gentle winds,
Bright beams crept underneath the window-blinds—
Josiah woke with stiff, rheumatic neck.
He spoke: "This changing weather's fierce, by heck—
Oi, Oi! There's something wrong again today!"
Nor 'mong the downy pillows could he stay,
For with Miltonic demons urging him,
And yanked by young Satanic cherubim,
He clambered sorely from his feather-bed—
But 'round him dared not turn his polished head.

No flow'r crown'd mead of England fairer blooms
Than Central Park in Drowsy Dell, when brooms
Are laid aside and maidens wander through
To buy a loaf of bread, a mutton chop or two.
'Twas to this park our hero would repair,
And each day dressed with most fastidious care;
Gay handkerchiefs he used of Roman dyes,
And celluloid collars, and silk ties.
But who with Archimago-sore-ried neck
Could meet a lovely maid without a wreck?
Josiah told his wife he'd stay at home—
But o'er her shoulder hung a sooty Gnome—
And, Pertelote-like, she scorned his whim,
Nor knew how near she came to losing him.

Along the streets where Governors had trod
Josiah minced, and grinned, and tried to nod;
He reached the vernal park with benches green;
He found a friend on whom to vent his spleen.
Affairs of government they both discussed,
The weather, crops, the Prince of Wales, and rust.
But demons never once forget their charge;
With martial splendor from the world at large,
They massed like spirit vapors all that day
In Central Park to watch the fatefull fray.

Not Crusoe when he saw a footprint rare,
Nor Gulliver upon a pygmy chair,
Nor Priam when Achilles left the horse,

Nor weak Macbeth with witches 'mong the gorse
 E'er felt so nervous as Josiah seemed
 When past him walked the maid of whom he dreamed.
 Her voice was like the chime of silver bells;
 Josiah thought of Araminta's "spells"—
 When she would sing old hymns from sun to sun
 (With tuning just like that of Chaucer's Nun).
 Josiah put away his green-eyed thought;
 That passing maiden's smile he dearly bought—
 He rose to bow, because he could not nod;
 'Twas then the Gnome raised magic hemlock rod—
 The demons crowded closer, more to see—
 Josiah, half-inclined—when through a tree
 There wandered playfully a gentle breeze;
 Our hero's bow was ended with a sneeze.
 The fickle maiden left him then, forever—
 And with her, things he'd never part with, never—
 Oh, for Josiah's hunger bring a wreath!
 No man can eat a steak without his teeth!

What black events the changing cuns portend,
 What tragedies old moon and planets blend,
 What cataclysms from the stars shall fall—
 The ancient Galileo knew them all;
 But of that day of days, in Drowsy Dell,
 Josiah's neck alone could e'er foretell.

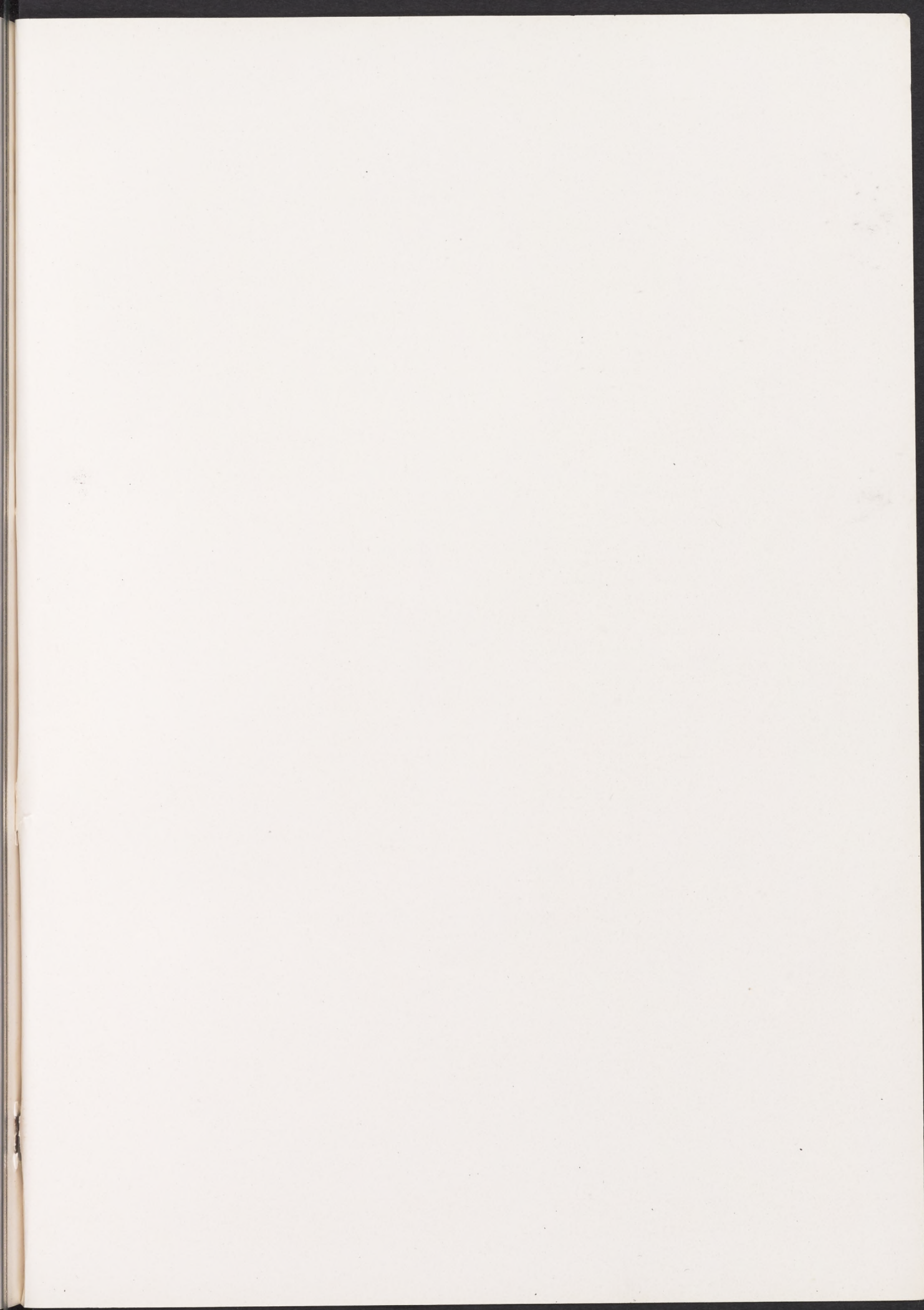
Then cease, Josiah Jones, to grieve thy loss,
 The flavor of the meat's all in the sauce—
 And there are other maids who'll smile at thee.
 Take heed to thy neck's shifting mercury;
 Its prophecies, and thy high-honored name
 Shall shine for aye within the house of Fame.

A Man of Letters

He went away on the five-fifteen,
 She wept beside the track;
 But he had promised to think of her
 And said that he'd come back.

So thru college year by year
 This love-sick student toiled;
 She wrote him love notes every day,
 He read them 'till they soiled.

He didn't make a Ph. D.
 Like some of the real go-getters,
 But anyway her college man
 Was truly a "Man of letters."





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